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THE AMERICAN ELECTION.

THERE has never been a serious doubt of the re-election of General GRANT, but the ease and completeness of his victory do credit to the good sense of the American people. The obscure intriguers who managed the nomination of Mr. GREELEY were familiar with the customary manoeuvres of elections; but they were incapable of understanding that the vulgar tricks by which local factions conduct their affairs would not bear exposure to the strong light which is thrown on a great national contest. Some of Mr. GREELEY's supporters in the Cincinnati Convention perhaps regarded him with admiring sympathy, while their more astute leaders selected him as their instrument in a spirit of contempt for both the candidate and the constituency. Both sections agreed in concentrating their efforts on the defeat of General GRANT; and both erroneously assumed that the mass of voters would prefer a representative in no degree, except by superior notoriety, above their own level. For many years the *New York Tribune* has been the most widely circulated paper in the Northern States, and its influence was justly attributed to the energy and popular instinct of its founder and principal editor. Mr. GREELEY had been an early and vigorous opponent of slavery; and he might fairly claim a share in the final triumph of doctrines which he had long defended. On other questions he and his journal represented with perfect fidelity the impulses and prejudices of an active, acute, and imperfectly educated community. He had countenanced various forms of Socialism and the silly superstition of the Spiritualists or table-rappers, and he had earnestly taught the more serious heresy of commercial exclusion. Like other ignorant or self-taught persons, Mr. GREELEY was essentially intolerant; and he has invariably attributed to his antagonists the basest motives. In his writings in the *Tribune* it was a commonplace assertion that Mr. WELLS and other advocates of the truths of political economy were "bribed with British gold." It was not even pretended that the charge could be supported by external evidence. Dissent from Mr. GREELEY's opinions was thought to be a sufficient proof of pecuniary corruption. It is unnecessary to add that, having probably formed his historical judgments from the school-books of his youth, Mr. GREELEY was a fanatical enemy of England. He perhaps still believes with the herd of American politicians that GEORGE III. was a Machiavellian despot who plotted without scruple or provocation against the rights of his colonial subjects. It may be urged in Mr. GREELEY's favour that during the Civil War and after its close he showed a juster appreciation of the character of the contest than the majority of his fellow-citizens; but in this case also he might be justly accused of deficiency in tact and practical judgment. At the beginning of the contest he proposed to let the South go in peace; and at a later period he made strenuous efforts to effect a reconciliation on equal terms. With a generous indifference to obloquy, he offered after the close of the war to give bail for Mr. JEFFERSON DAVIS, thinking it right to treat the Confederate President as General GRANT had previously treated the Confederate Commander-in-Chief, not as a convicted criminal, but as a defeated enemy. The most creditable acts of Mr. GREELEY's public life have, during the recent contest, been naturally selected as special objects of the coarse vituperation which forms the staple of American polemics.

The charge of complicity with the prevailing political corruption was better founded. The *New York Tribune* discountenanced the inquiries into the marvellous frauds in the civic administration of New York, either because Mr. GREELEY was connected in business transactions with some of the principal delinquents, or perhaps for the simpler reason

that the *New York Times* had undertaken the exposure of the Tammany embezzlements. When the agitation for a reform of the Civil Service began, Mr. GREELEY was too old to adopt a new theory, and he had been educated in the tradition that public pay and employment are the just results of political success. The Cincinnati managers, not having been accustomed to any connexion between principle and party, regarded their temporary allies, who had seceded from the Republican body in the hope of reform, as unpractical dreamers. If they had been capable of a more comprehensive view, they might not perhaps have defeated General GRANT, but they would have secured the votes of some of the best of the Republicans; and the Democrats would, for their own purposes have rallied round any candidate whose name offered a reasonable prospect of success. If Mr. ADAMS had been nominated, and had consented to serve, the conviction of his superior personal qualifications for the Presidency would have determined many votes. Mr. GREELEY's partisans probably hoped that his former services to the cause of Abolition would secure him the majority of the negro votes; but electors become more gregarious in proportion to their political incapacity, and, notwithstanding the adhesion of Mr. SUMNER to the candidature of Mr. GREELEY, the mass of the negroes thought it safest to take the opposite side to the Democrats. In the five or six Southern States which alone voted for Mr. GREELEY, it must be supposed that the white Democratic voters controlled the election. From the absurdity which would have characterized a defeat by a unanimous vote Mr. GREELEY has been rescued only by a not less absurd alliance with the enemies to whom he has been bitterly opposed throughout his political career. The Democrats would probably have been less completely defeated if they had concentrated their support on a candidate of their own. The Liberal Republican contingent proved to be insignificant; and, although the orthodox Democrats who voted for Mr. O'CONNOR seem to have formed but a small fraction of the party, it is probable that large numbers abstained from voting. Many Democrats must have felt a strong repugnance to the candidature of Mr. GREELEY, and after the Pennsylvania election personal objections may have been strengthened by a conviction of the inutility of voting on the losing side. General GRANT's popular majority has largely increased since the election of 1868, and the result may be exclusively attributed to the blunders of his opponents.

The people of the United States may congratulate themselves on their preference of the most conspicuous of their citizens. In default of the ablest chief of a Government, the most famous has a strong claim to support. A successful general has some of the advantages which under different institutions attach to the persons of princes. Uncontested superiority in one respect tends to disarm political envy. An English journalist lately remarked that there is no instance of re-election for a third Presidential term; and he might have added that hereditary succession to the Presidency would have been not more incompatible with the Constitution of the United States. It has often been felt that the term of four years is inconveniently short in the case of a good President; and, on the other hand, there are grave disadvantages in the system which tends to make the first four years a preparation for the canvass for renewal. The founders of the Confederacy, although they adopted the Constitution of the United States with little alteration, made their Presidency tenable for six years without power of re-election. Mr. GREELEY, in desperation for a distinctive principle to justify his candidature, declared himself the implacable opponent of the practice of re-election. It may be taken as a double-edged argument that the second term is likely to be more favourable than the first to good administration. The re-

elected President, unless he is naturally incompetent, must have learned his business; and he has no longer any urgent motive for courting vulgar popularity. General GRANT's virtue of taciturnity may conceal either suppressed enthusiasm for the public interest or perfect indifference to purity and efficiency of administration. If he cares to exert himself for the discouragement of corruption, he will entitle himself to the gratitude of his countrymen. At the beginning of his first term of office General GRANT made an effort to form a Cabinet of his own choice without waiting for the suggestions of the Republican managers of his party. Unluckily he made a legal blunder in the appointment of Mr. STEWART; and after a time he found that the Senate was not disposed to waive in his favour the patronage which it had assumed to itself in the time of Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON. Distrusting perhaps his own political ability and knowledge, General GRANT soon resigned himself to the prevailing system, which practically divests the President of responsibility and power. The Senators and members of Congress who support the Administration exercise the patronage of their respective districts with a view to their own interests and those of their local partisans. As an opponent of the system pointedly complains, the people of the United States voted for General GRANT; but they never voted for the CONKLINGS and the FORNEYS, who are, in fact, petty provincial Presidents. In the distribution of the patronage which he has retained for himself General GRANT is not thought to have been delicately scrupulous; and it was to his carelessness in this respect, and to his acquiescence in the corrupt practices of his adherents, that the abortive secession of the Liberal Republicans was originally due. It is not impossible that he may have taken warning by the opposition of some of the best politicians in the Union, and after a second vote of confidence he may perhaps feel himself strong enough to overrule the hack politicians who have lately administered affairs.

At home and abroad the prospects of the Union and of the PRESIDENT are otherwise unclouded. The absurd commercial policy to which the Republican party once more pledged themselves and their nominee at Philadelphia may perhaps be maintained for a few years longer; but the country is rich enough to be able to indulge with comparative impunity in economical follies. Sooner or later the American community will insist on the free enjoyment of their natural resources; and either the Republican or the Democratic party will be eager to obey or anticipate the popular demand. Mr. BOUTWELL, who has now for some years administered the finances of the Union, has, in spite of incessant and obstinate blunders, been able to employ a large surplus income in the reduction of the National Debt; and he has not yet consented to subvert the interest of speculators by a reissue of greenbacks. Five or six years ago Republicans and Democrats were bidding against each other in schemes of repudiation; but even the former followers of Mr. THADDEUS STEVENS and Mr. BUTLER are now convinced that nothing is in this instance to be gained by fraud. Though there are rumours of impending changes in the Cabinet, it is not probable that Mr. BOUTWELL would at present be replaced by a sounder financier. It is said that Mr. HAMILTON FISH is to leave the department of State, but the name of his probable successor has not been mentioned. It is not known that any complications are impending in foreign affairs. American ingenuity has not yet begun to exercise itself in picking a fresh quarrel with England, and the report that General GRANT meditates more active interference in the affairs of Cuba is not entitled to credit. To readers of American journals who have not an unbounded appetite for scurrility the termination of the Presidential contest will afford unqualified satisfaction.

PRUSSIA.

AS further information is received from Prussia, the real character of the struggle going on there becomes daily more apparent. The Bill which the House of Lords rejected was, from the Liberal point of view, a singularly mild one; it was indeed so mild that the Liberals in the Lower House did not support it so much as accept it as an instalment of better things. In the counties of East Prussia to which the Bill referred there are petty local magistrates and there are county Assemblies, but the landowners nominate to the magistracy, and exclusively compose the county Assemblies. The Bill proposed that the peasants and the burghers should be represented in the county Assemblies, and that the Assemblies should nominate the local magistrates. Even if the reform had been adopted, the very great influence which men of rank

and large landed possessions would have practically exercised in these Assemblies would have remained almost undiminished. But the House of Lords resolutely refused to accede to any proposal to change their legal position. They did not wish to have their way in local affairs by getting their humbler neighbours to adopt their views; they wished to retain their exclusive rights in their own districts by virtue of their birth. They may or may not understand the position which the House of Lords occupies in the English Constitution; but if they do understand it, they do not at all desire that they should be placed on the same footing. They do not seek to contribute one element to a system of government; they contend that they embody a peculiar form of the real strength of Prussia, which in the interests of Prussia they must uphold; and that, if any attempt is made to touch any of their privileges, they have no choice but to resist it, without any concern for the answer to the famous question how the King's Government is to go on. They have long occupied the strong ground of being an independent power bargaining with the Crown, and they are not inclined to abandon the advantage. The full number of the House is stated to be somewhat over three hundred but, from various causes, not more than two hundred ever attend. Of those who do attend, ninety represent the ancient squirearchy or Junkers, by whom and from among whom they are elected. Some years ago the Crown succeeded in reducing their number by one-half, but subsequently it had need of their assistance, and in 1865 the full number of ninety was restored; and in the following year an Act was passed prohibiting any change in this respect except by the authority of an Act of Parliament, for which their concurrence would be necessary. A considerable number of peers of a different class, sit by virtue of holding estates, but all the feelings, prejudices, and interests of this class are associated with those of the representatives of the squirearchy; and thus it happened that, when the Junkers decided that the new Bill was an unpermissible invasion of their privileges, the Government found the overwhelming majority of 140 to 23 ranged against it. According to the ideas in which they have been nursed, and in which they devoutly believe, the nobility with ancient landed holdings not only have an inalienable right to hold a perfectly independent position in the State, but it is of the utmost consequence that they should do so, as it is by the qualities which they thus impress on the whole system of government that Prussia has mainly become great, or at any rate has been enabled to take advantage of the ability of the Royal Family and the sterling virtues of the Prussian poor. It is stated that Count von MOLTKE was among those who voted in the majority, and, if this was the case, the Junkers may at least say for themselves that their view of the secret causes of the triumph of Prussia in the French war has the concurrence of a man fitted to judge in a manner which few could rival.

Until lately, it must be remembered, the Junker theory of Prussian politics was virtually adopted not only by the Court, but by Prince BISMARCK himself, who for many years regarded and treated the Prussian House of Commons much as the holder of a feudal castle in the middle ages regarded and treated the meetings of the burghers of the adjacent town in their guildhall. And the commanding position of the House of Lords in the system of government was only one part of a great whole which wrought Prussia into a military, highly disciplined, anti-democratic State. The Prussian people was not merely trained to fight after a feudal pattern, but was nursed from its cradle in the sentiments and furnished only with the thoughts which would suit a body destined to such an end. Philosophers were as unwelcome in the modern as in the ancient Sparta, and the elementary education of the country was shaped absolutely so as to suit the notions of the squirearchy. The great engine for preventing anything like growth of mind was the Church Catechism, in learning which by heart, and hearing it expounded, most of the school time of the Prussian poor was absorbed. The peasant was, nominally at least, taught to read and write, but he was shut out almost entirely from further secular instruction. The teachers were wretchedly paid, and, in order to get teachers at once cheap and safe, the rules by which some evidence of qualification was to be given were relaxed or ignored. Only a few months ago the Government, which has moved rapidly on the path of national progress since the French war, struck a great blow at this system by passing a Bill for the inspection of all elementary schools by the State. This Bill was very distasteful to the squirearchy, for although they may not have liked Jesuits having Jesuit schools exclusively in their own hands, they very much liked landowners having rural schools in their own hands; and it was only after the most serious difficulty,

and principally by working on the reluctance of the House of Lords to allow itself to be taken for the friend of the Jesuits, that the Government got the Bill through. Now, at the same time that an attack is made on the exclusive privileges of the landowners, the Government is said to have ready a measure for entirely altering the whole character of elementary education. Religious instruction is of course to be given, but it is to be of a simple kind, and the clergy are to teach the Catechism if they like out of school hours, while history, geography, and other similar subjects are to be part of the school instruction. The Prussian Junkers are therefore quite right in saying that there are much larger issues at stake than whether this or that humble person is to sit in a county Assembly in East Prussia. What is virtually asked of them is that they should consent to Prussia being liberalized. To concede this would be, they think, to give up all that has been won in battle. It is feudalism that has made Prussia strong, and it is democracy that has made France weak; and the Junkers therefore work themselves round till they get to the conclusion that, unless they firmly resist this County Reform Bill, the war of 1870 will have been fought in vain.

Prince BISMARCK and the KING hold, it is scarcely necessary to say, precisely the opposite opinion. The war of 1870 had for its chief prize the unity of Germany; and this unity cannot, in their judgment, be enduring unless it be the union of a tolerably free and enlightened people. They are determined to accept the challenge of the Junkers. If it is to be decided whether the old or the new order of things is to prevail, they pledge themselves that it shall be the new. What is the exact mode in which the victory is to be obtained is still a secret. It has been supposed or hinted that Prince BISMARCK might take a very bold course—merge Prussia in Germany, and get the pretensions of the Junkers extinguished in a German Parliament. This appears very unlikely. It would lower the prestige of Prussia very seriously if it appeared that she could not so far manage her home affairs as to give children a wholesome education and to institute some sort of local self-government. The German Parliament too, as at present constituted, is not at all adapted for the discussion of the minute affairs of each of the separate States of Germany. It has quite enough to do with the general affairs of the nation, and would hopelessly incur itself if it tried to settle the minutiae of Prussian county representation. Moreover, there is no Upper House, properly speaking, in the German Parliament. The Upper House is replaced by the power of veto on the measures of the Parliament which the German Sovereigns possess. This evidently should only be used in affairs of very great national importance, and the position of the Sovereigns would be untenable if they attempted to use their power to put a stop to measures of merely local interest; while, if it were understood that their right of veto should never be exercised in such matters, all questions of purely Prussian politics would be settled solely by a popular Assembly elected by universal suffrage; and so complete a rupture with the aristocracy would be unwise. The Prussian Government ought to be able to deal with a simple Prussian question, and it may possibly prove that there will be no very great difficulty in its way if it is firm. It appears that there were at least fifty peers who supported the Bill in its previous stages, although most of them did not take part in the final vote, because they knew it was going against them. This was a foolish act of political abstention, but on a future occasion they may be trusted to record their votes; and there were altogether so many absentees whom, after due notice and pressure, the Government could bring up, that it is calculated they could carry the Bill by creating only thirty new peers. In order to give the Upper House an excuse for yielding, some colourable alterations may not improbably be made in the Bill to meet their views; and if it is known that, in the event of their remaining obstinate, thirty new peers will be created, it is by no means unlikely that their resistance may turn out to have melted away before the Session which is to begin next week is brought to an end.

TIVERTON AND RICHMOND.

THE elections at Tiverton and Richmond, though they have an interest of their own, are not of vital importance. Until the working of the Ballot has been more fully tested by experience, every successive illustration of its tendencies and results will be watched with curiosity and anxiety. At Richmond the new system rendered possible a contest in one of the few boroughs which have hitherto been subject to local dictation. The great majority of politicians will approve

of the discouragement inflicted on the process which may be described as intimidation or as influence. The few who are sceptical as to the advantages of democratic government will prudently reserve to themselves the unpopular opinion that something was to be said for the existence of two or three nomination boroughs, as long as attention was not too prominently drawn to the constitutional anomaly. The enthusiasts who are shocked at the possibility of Lord ZETLAND's interference in a Richmond election happen at the same time to be exulting over the merited promotion of Lord SELBORNE. A few years since, when Lord PALMERSTON was anxious to obtain the services of the head of the Equity bar as Solicitor-General, the only constituency which could be found in England to appreciate the merits of Sir ROUNDELL PALMER was that of Richmond. His popularity was afterwards acquired by the gradual adoption of advanced political opinions, though it was justified by his high character and by the renewed display of great Parliamentary powers; but it is highly probable that Sir ROUNDELL PALMER would have been excluded from the further prosecution of a political career if Lord ZETLAND had not deferred to the wishes of the leaders of his party. The Ballot enables the dissatisfied portion of the constituency to throw off their allegiance, and, as might be expected, the candidate who was selected to oppose Mr. DUNDAS professed extreme opinions. The Conservatives of Richmond, with sound judgment, in spite of the earnest exhortations of the party managers in London, preferred a moderate Liberal of aristocratic leanings to a nominee of their own who would have been inevitably defeated. It is unfortunate that the opposition to revolutionary change should, as a consequence of old party combinations, be almost exclusively conducted by the political adherents of Mr. DISRAELI. The differences between the moderate Liberal and the enlightened Conservative have become almost imperceptible, and yet it is thought necessary to perpetuate factious divisions while the common enemy is at the gate.

The small majority by which Mr. MASSEY was returned for Tiverton probably represents fairly the balance of political opinion in the borough. Mr. WALROND, who, as it is proper to state in correction of a former error, once defeated Mr. DENMAN, possesses and deserves personal esteem and popularity. On the other side Mr. MASSEY's Liberal colleague, Mr. AMORY, is the largest employer of labour in the town; and a portion of the influence which he has been accustomed to exercise may probably have survived the first application of the Ballot. The extraordinary efforts which Mr. MASSEY adopted to secure his election lessen the satisfaction which might otherwise have been felt in the return to public life of an accomplished politician and experienced administrator. In former times Mr. MASSEY was not known as a Radical; and a change of opinion in the direction of popularity naturally provokes criticism. It is not necessary to suppose that Mr. MASSEY has incurred any other reproach than the negative or ambiguous imputation of swimming with the stream. Similar proneness to conformity may be observed on a larger scale in France, where Constitutional Royalists have become in a mass Republicans in deference to the head of the State. Three-fourths of Mr. GLADSTONE's colleagues have, in imitation of their chief, executed, since the death of Lord PALMERSTON, an evolution of the same character; and perhaps it is too much to expect that a member of the party in want of a seat should be less open to conviction than his leaders. Since the legislation of 1867 and of 1872, the democratic side is, notwithstanding occasional checks and reactions, the winning side, and consequently it is likely to attract more and more conscientious adherents. Mr. MASSEY was not a zealous supporter of Mr. GLADSTONE's moderate Reform Bill; but he probably judges that, after the passing of Mr. DISRAELI's more sweeping measure, it is necessary to accept the consequences of household suffrage. His arguments against the Income-tax must have been addressed to the tradesmen who voted under the old system, but his attacks on the landed interest would gratify the multitude rather than the middle classes. As if to remove any doubt which might have been felt of their candidate's readiness to tamper with revolutionary projects, Mr. MASSEY's friends invited or accepted the assistance of Mr. APPELGARTH, who openly advocates the confiscation of all landed property, if not of property in general. A member of the Land and Labour League, a former member of the Council of the International Association, a delegate to Continental assemblages of extreme Communists, recommended Mr. MASSEY to the suffrages of the working-men of Tiverton, not, as it may be assumed, because he thought that the Liberal candidate would defend

the existing constitution of the State or of society. One of the Congresses at which Mr. APFLEGARTH was present pledged itself to perpetual hostility to the middle classes, for Continental agitators are more ardently hostile to capitalists than to landed proprietors. The Land and Labour League is organized for the purpose of taking all land from private owners, it matters little whether with or without nominal compensation. It could scarcely have been expected that a zealous supporter of Mr. GLADSTONE, a former Chairman of the Committees of the House of Commons, an ex-Minister in India, should ally himself with politicians whose doctrines would have been regarded by ROBESPIERRE as dangerous and anarchical. Shopkeepers and manufacturers would become entirely indifferent to the hardships of Schedule D, if the International Association were to succeed in relieving them of any further connexion with capital or profit. The Jacobin and Socialist Clubs of London are, for their own purposes, quite right in supporting Mr. MASSEY, though his own designs extend only to a mild disturbance of the relations among the different agricultural classes. It is at least undeniable that Mr. APFLEGARTH concurs with the Conservative electors of Tiverton in their appreciation of the tendency of Mr. MASSEY's speeches and professions.

The result of the Richmond election is doubly satisfactory, inasmuch as it proves that the Ballot has not an invariable tendency to destroy the influence of property, and also because Mr. DUNDAS is less extreme in his professions than Mr. COOKE. The new member for Richmond will vote with Mr. GLADSTONE's Ministry; but when divisions arise in the party on proposals of a revolutionary tendency, it is scarcely probable that an hereditary representative will be carried away by dangerous enthusiasm. On one point Mr. DUNDAS deserved personal credit for his independent and conscientious opposition to a pestilent little faction. The Contagious Diseases Society asked both candidates for a pledge against sanitary legislation; and Mr. COOKE promised his support to their mischievous agitation, while Mr. DUNDAS, not perhaps in sufficiently vigorous language, refused his assent. On this as on other questions there is a mixture of sincere error with dishonesty, and probably the ladies who take a lead in the disturbance are, with few exceptions, honestly prejudiced; but it may be confidently asserted that the great majority of the House of Commons are neither fanatics nor dupes. It is not known whether the licensing question affected the result of the election either at Tiverton or at Richmond. The Licensing Bill of last Session seems in general to have been accepted either as a settlement of the controversy or as an experiment conceived in an equitable spirit. The Licensed Victuallers who decided half-a-dozen contested elections against the Government in 1871 may now perhaps pair off against the supporters of the Permissive Bill. More permanent political issues are recovering their accustomed importance; but none of the recent contests have thrown any considerable light on the prospects of future general elections. In the next Session the Government will begin, for the first time since its formation, to feel itself in the position of an American President who seeks re-election; and there is some reason to fear that the measures which may be introduced will be devised with a secondary purpose of furnishing a topic to supporters, and of dividing opponents. The Ballot can scarcely fail to answer the purpose for which it was intended by strengthening the Government against the Conservatives; and the new electors who were enfranchised by the Act of 1867 will have become in the course of four or five years more completely organized than at the last election. Mr. STANSFELD's principle of contriving changes for the benefit of the Liberal party has been cordially adopted by many recent speakers; and, if Mr. MASSEY has accurately divined the policy of the Ministers, they will not be backward in satisfying the aspirations of their supporters.

FRANCE.

IT has been said that there is no intellectual feat so difficult as to hold the judgment in absolute suspense for any considerable period of time. The state of affairs in France is an illustration of the truth of this assertion as regards politics. When the nation began to reorganize itself after the war, there was an unusually general agreement in favour of putting constitutional questions aside until the indemnity should have been paid off and the German occupation have come to an end. The ostensible motive for this postponement was the impossibility of raising large sums of money without a more conspicuous manifestation of national union than it was possible to obtain on any other terms. There was another

reason for it, however, which in the judgment of foreign observers was at least as conclusive. If it was of great moment that Frenchmen should not insist on the establishment of their several political ideals while an end common to all of them was still unattained, it was of equal moment that it should be ascertained what amount of acceptance these several political ideals could fairly count on. The first of these advantages has been secured very imperfectly, but it has been secured with much greater completeness than the second. Although a large sum of money is still owing to the German Government, it has been shown that there is no immediate limit to the power of France to raise the money. But as regards the distribution of effective political conviction little more is known than was known eighteen months ago. The strength of the Radical party has greatly increased during the interval; but the increase, striking as it is, is relative rather than absolute. It is not so much that the Radicals have become more numerous as that the Conservatives have more and more withdrawn themselves from politics. No doubt the general acquiescence in the Republic which has of late been so conspicuous in France is a symptom of progress towards the formation of a strong public opinion. But, for anything that appears to the contrary, it may be an acquiescence in the name, not in the thing. The peasantry are no longer frightened at the thought that they are living under a Republican Government—thus much is evident. But it is by no means evident in what sense they understand the term, or whether the first essay in Republican legislation may not reawaken all their terrors. What they mostly do is to abstain from voting, and from pure abstention no inference can be drawn as to how they would vote if they once more became the subjects of strong political excitement. At present they have no call to be excited. They care nothing about the abstract merits of Republicanism and Monarchy. They have no love for Legitimacy or Orleansism or Imperialism. The Republic of M. THIERS gives them all that they demand from a Government—liberty to make money, and security that the money they make shall not be taken from them. In a country not troubled with constitutional problems this might be a sufficient measure of public confidence to sustain a Government in being. But unfortunately France after eighty years of experiments has her Constitution still to make, and there is as yet no security that a Republic created under cover of Conservative indifference may not be overthrown by another instinctive outburst of Conservative panic.

M. THIERS plainly hopes that this danger may be averted if the process of creation goes on under his own eye. As the peasantry have no very clear idea what the Republic of M. THIERS means, they are not likely to be critical as to the action of the Government, provided that this action is guided and dictated by the statesman after whom the machine has been christened. M. THIERS must be the best judge of the capacities of his own handiwork. But then, if once the task of Constitution-making begins, the business of guiding it will have to be shared between many agents, and all these agents may not be disposed to work in unison. If M. THIERS could do everything himself the Conservatives would seemingly be willing to invest him with plenary powers. But even the Conservatives can see that it will be difficult to set up a Republic without according some recognition to the views of the Republican party. M. THIERS is understood to believe that the periodical renewal of the Assembly by thirds supplies the middle term upon which reasonable men of all parties can agree; and if this proposal should be accepted, it may serve to get rid of some of the chief difficulties which lie in the PRESIDENT's path. The Assembly of next year would have to deal with the most important questions now waiting to be settled, and the Assembly of next year would be a body in which the Conservatives would command a majority, while at the same time it would be too small a majority to be depended on in any attempt at reactionary legislation. The policy of such a Chamber as this could hardly be other than safe. In fact, it would mainly confine itself to registering the conclusions announced from time to time by M. THIERS. But then it remains to be seen whether this suggestion will be accepted by either of the parties which it is intended to bring together. Conservatives and Radicals may alike find arguments against it. The former may say that it is throwing away the one chance they have of permanently influencing the future of France. The general election of 1871 placed the supreme power in the hands of the Monarchical party. Either from cowardice, or prudence, or miscalculation, they declined to use the opportunity for directly monarchical objects, and preferred to put up with a Republic in the assurance that if the Republic should ever pass beyond the

provisional stage, it would do so under safe guidance. This was the reason why the right of dissolving the Assembly was denied to the Executive Government. If, after all, the Assembly consents to be renewed, whether by a general or a partial election, this power of organizing the Republic will inevitably pass from the hands which at present hold it. It may pass more immediately by one process than by the other, but it will pass with equal certainty by either. A Republic framed by an Assembly composed of new members to the extent of one-third may be preferable to a Republic framed by an Assembly composed entirely of new members, but it will bear no resemblance to a Republic framed by the Assembly as it now exists. The Radicals, on the other hand, argue in this way:—The proposal to renew the Assembly by thirds concedes the plea that the Chamber in its present form does not fairly represent the country. A Legislature cannot be too exact a mirror of the opinions and wishes of those for whom it has to legislate. If the glass reflects a distorted image, it is better to replace it altogether than to insert a new fragment here and there. If we insist upon a dissolution, we shall have the Republic constituted by men of like views with ourselves. If we consent to a partial election, we shall still have to do battle with a Conservative majority, which has no right to exist in the Assembly since it does not exist in the constituencies.

Happily there is one element of discord which it seems likely that France will be spared. The views of his own position and duties entertained by the Count of PARIS are, if the "French Correspondent" of the *Times* may be trusted, thoroughly worthy of the reputation for patriotism and intellectual acumen so early enjoyed by the chief of the House of ORLEANS. The Count of PARIS understands that if Monarchy is ever to be re-established in France, it must be by the free choice of a people among whom a Republic has had a fair trial, and has been proved to be wanting. But he sees also—and this implies a far greater exercise of self-restraint—that the heir to the Monarchy is necessarily shut out from bearing any part in the establishment of the Republic. The Count of PARIS may conceivably be a Republican from conviction; he may believe that it would be to the interest of France that the experiment of doing without a King should succeed; he may be conscious that he has himself the qualities which, properly employed, would do most to make it succeed; he may—or rather he must—feel the desire natural to every reasonable Frenchman to do his part in ensuring that the experiment shall be made under the most favourable conditions possible. But he has the wisdom to see that it is the first of these conditions that it shall be tried without any interference on his part, that his name and position, whatever they may mean for him in the future, are insurmountable barriers to his taking any part in French politics for the present. To any cause except that of hereditary Monarchy his support can only bring disaster. It would be a certain occasion of distrust and suspicion, and unfortunately these are already but too common elements in the politics of his country. If the Republic should ever be universally accepted, he may take his place among the first of French citizens; if the Republic should ever be universally discredited, it will be his turn to give Monarchy another chance. But until one or other of these events comes to pass the Count of PARIS can render no service to France so solid, unpretending though it be, as that which he is now doing her.

THE SLAVE TRADE.

THE meeting at the Mansion House and the mission of Sir BARTLE FREERE show that the remonstrances of Dr. LIVINGSTONE and the representations of our officials on the East Coast of Africa are likely to produce their effect, and that energetic measures will be taken to put down the slave trade on that coast if it is possible. Mr. STANLEY was able to corroborate from personal observation the terrible statements as to the extent and character of that trade as at present conducted. Nothing could be more shocking and revolting to English readers than the accounts given of the mode in which the slaves are captured and treated. Whole districts are laid waste, and thousands of innocent unsuspecting wretches massacred by wholesale, in order that the traders may seize their prey; and, after the slaves have been captured, the horrors of the passage from the coast harbours to Zanzibar, and from Africa to Asiatic settlements, equal the most flagrant cruelties and iniquities of the middle passage. How far England is responsible for this is a matter

of fair dispute. The Bishop of WINCHESTER was inclined to fix us with the responsibility on the somewhat remote ground that the merchants of Zanzibar who find the money for the trade either come from the East Indies or are connected with East Indian native houses. It is also said that, as we forced the Sultan of ZANZIBAR to pay a yearly tribute to the Sultan of MUSCAT, and as the Sultan of ZANZIBAR must get the money as he can, we are responsible for his choosing to get it by encouraging the slave trade. It is perhaps unnecessary to push too far the inquiry whether we are bound by minor reasons of this kind to put down the trade if we can. We have higher reasons to guide us, and as we are going to take measures to put it down so far as we may be able to do so, that is enough. What is really important to know is what we can do. At present we are bound by a treaty with the Sultan of ZANZIBAR, by which we are precluded from interfering with his domestic slave trade, and consequently the cruisers collect slaves at remote parts of the coast, and take them to Zanzibar without British cruisers being able to stop them. Sir BARTLE FREERE is going on a special mission to the SULTAN to get him to consent to a modification of the treaty, and it would have been impossible to find a better man for the task. The point was amply discussed at the Mansion House whether England should bribe the SULTAN to put down the slave trade in his dominions by engaging to pay the Muscat tribute for him, and the general opinion was that he ought not to be paid for doing right. Unfortunately people like the SULTAN are apt to decline altogether to do right unless they are either bribed or forced to do it. Sir BARTLE FREERE may safely be left to deal with the pecuniary part of the matter. But after the treaty has been remoulded to our satisfaction, and Sir BARTLE FREERE returns home, then the real difficulty will begin. Lord LAWRENCE and Mr. STANLEY, who know something of barbarous tribes, concurred in reminding their audience that, after all, England will either have to use or threaten force, or else the slave trade will go on as it does now. If the SULTAN is paid handsomely for promising to do right, he may partly perform his promise; but the trade is far too lucrative and too well organized to be suppressed by any agreement with a feeble potentate like the Sultan of ZANZIBAR; and it may be taken for granted that it will really go on without any serious abatement unless England undertakes, and persists in undertaking, the great cost and labour necessary to stop it by the severe punishment of those engaged in it.

In one way the suppression of the slave trade on the East Coast of Africa ought to be attended with less difficulties than beset the suppression of the trade on the West Coast, for we are not fettered by having to deal with European or civilized Powers in whose territories the trade was regarded with favour. If we like to put down the traffic to Arabian and other Asiatic settlements, we need not trouble ourselves much about Arabian or Asiatic indignation. On the other hand, we have gradually managed to get the nations formerly interested in the West Coast trade to disavow and, nominally at least, suppress it; and we have the growing feeling of the civilized world against slavery to help us. But no similar pressure can be brought to bear against Asiatics, who see no harm in the trade; for although the Koran may not favour slavery generally, it favours domestic slavery, and it is easy to say that all slaves imported are going to be domestic slaves. And this leads us to a great difficulty by which we are beset. We allow coolie immigration in all our dependencies, and coolie immigration is often another name for slavery. On the East Coast of Africa it often happens, according to Mr. STANLEY, that slaves taken from the East Coast are sent by the dealers to the Mauritius; and if this is true we are no doubt unconsciously parties to the East African slave trade. Bishop RYAN appears, if his speech is accurately reported, to have missed the point of Mr. STANLEY's remarks. He said that the foreign labourers imported into the Mauritius were very well treated there, and were adequately protected by the law. Mr. STANLEY did not deny this, although we believe that the Indian Government is not quite so well satisfied as the Bishop as to the treatment of the Indian immigrants to the Mauritius. What Mr. STANLEY said was that the dealers, when they did not see a more profitable way of disposing of their slaves, sent them as nominally free immigrants to the Mauritius, and that the English authorities did not take sufficient pains to see that immigrants came voluntarily. Even, however, in colonies where the immigration may be supposed to be voluntary there is reason to suppose that the position of coolies does not much differ from that of slaves, and that abuses exist which

the English authorities are too weak or too indolent to prevent. The late lamentable affair in British Guiana, in which coolies armed with sticks were shot dead by the rifles of the police, may possibly admit of a satisfactory explanation; but there is sufficient evidence of harsh and unscrupulous treatment of the wretched immigrants to make a full inquiry necessary, and the Government has very properly ordered such an inquiry to be made. In well-governed colonies like Jamaica the coolie system is, it may be believed, free from abuse, and is a great boon both to the planters and to the coolies themselves; but it is obvious that England must be very vigilant, in order to avoid the reproach of having her own pet and lucrative form of slavery going on while she sends gunboats to put down the particular form of slavery which thrives at Zanzibar.

But if the possible harshness of the treatment of coolies alarms us, what are we to say of the terrible story of kidnapping and murder in the Southern Ocean which has lately been sent home from Melbourne? It is bad enough that Banian merchants and Arab slave-stealers should outrage humanity by their cruelties in Eastern Africa; but here were a set of Englishmen, under the guidance of an English captain and an English shipowner, who were guilty, if the story is true, of cruelty yet more fearful. The *Carl* was a British ship belonging to a surgeon named MURRAY, and it sailed from Melbourne in June 1871 on a labour cruise in the Fiji Islands. A man named ARMSTRONG was in command, and the owner MURRAY was on board. They went to the Fiji Islands and there received authority from a British Consul to go on their dreadful errand. On these labour cruises it appears that the seamen get so much a head for every native caught, and thus every villain on board was interested in the enterprise. What subsequently happened rests on the evidence of the owner MURRAY, who, after his iniquities became known, denounced his accomplices. Altogether about one hundred and twenty natives were caught, some by open violence, some by their boats being upset while they were engaged, as they supposed, in peaceful trade with the strange vessel. The victims were penned down in the hold, and then began fighting. The Englishmen got alarmed, and fired guns and revolvers among the miserable wretches in order to make everything safe. After the panic had subsided, inquiry was made as to what had been done, and it was found that there were seventy dead and wounded. All, living and dead alike, were immediately thrown overboard. From one cause or another only eighteen of the captives survived; and of these six were landed in the very place where the British Consul resided who had granted the permission to cruise. The vessel subsequently went on another cruise, and this time, after atrocities little inferior had been committed, succeeded in capturing one hundred slaves. It appears that the slaves were not meant to be taken to any Australian colony, but were destined for Fiji plantations. ARMSTRONG, the master of the brig, is to be tried for murder at Sydney, to which place he and the owner and some of the crew had been sent in the brig by the captain of a British man-of-war, who, at some unexplained point of the brig's career, fortunately interfered with her proceedings. We can only trust that those who are brought to justice may have their reward; and it is much to be regretted that it has been found necessary to let the owner purchase an ignominious safety by giving evidence against those who were working for him. As to his explanations that he was a shade better than they, and remonstrated against the extremities of their cruelty, no importance need be attached to them. After he had seen the wounded thrown overboard with the dead, and knew of what his master and crew were capable, he chose to go on a second expedition with them, and helped to capture a hundred more natives. As wicked men will be wicked, it is perhaps as much as we could expect that an English man-of-war should have secured these wretches and sent them where they could be tried, and that the English law has them now in its grasp. But what can be the meaning of a British Consul in Fiji giving authority to a set of vagrant blackguards to go roaming about islands with which England has nothing to do in order to furnish slaves, or, as the wrongdoers would say, voluntary labourers, to cultivate plantations on foreign soil? This points to a source of mischief to be remedied only by the most strenuous efforts. Distant officials are not under anything like the necessary control, and a colour is given to misdeeds by the apparent sanction of the English Government being extended to them. Something really effective may be done in this direction if the home authorities will be sufficiently on the alert and sufficiently determined. We can at least make it clear that England will not tolerate

a revival of the slave trade in any form in any of her dependencies, and that she will insist on the most stringent measures being taken to prevent her name being compromised by the crimes of colonial ruffians or the laxity of British officials.

THE EDUCATION LEAGUE.

THE Education League appears to much greater advantage in its formal programme than in the speeches which professedly recommend it to public acceptance. The explanation probably is that the programme and the speeches are addressed to different classes of persons. The programme is meant to be studied by politicians, and to be adopted by statesmen; the speeches are meant to reconcile combatant Dissenters to a compromise which in some respects has only an external difference from the system at present in force. It is not necessary to dwell on the arguments by which this compromise was supported at Birmingham. The staple of the oratory which finds favour at such meetings is wonderfully uniform. Execrations of Mr. FORSTER and execrations of the Anglican clergy appear in about equal proportions. The treachery of the one and the greed of the other are held up to Nonconformist detestation, and the only wonder is that no speaker has yet ventured to name the exact sum which the National Society had to draw out of its cellars in order to transform the so-called Education Bill into "an Act for extending, consolidating, and perpetuating sectarian education in England and Wales." It is really a pity that the report that Mr. FORSTER had just spent some 200,000*l.* in buying an estate should have been contradicted, as it would have given form and substance to a suspicion which is now disadvantageously vague. But the League's programme deserves more attention. Considering that it is put forward in the second year of an angry controversy, it is wonderfully moderate. It does not ignore existing Denominational schools; indeed we suspect that it would be found compatible with the multiplication of Denominational schools.

The third recommendation of the Executive Committee is as follows:—"Existing school buildings to be placed by consent under the control of elected School Boards for use during the hours of secular instruction, to be given under the direction of School Boards; the buildings to be retained for all other purposes by the denominations with which they are connected." It is worth while to consider what amount of change would be introduced into the educational machinery of a country parish by the adoption of this recommendation. At present there is probably only one school, which is supported partly by a Government grant and partly by the efforts of the clergyman and his friends, assisted by a subscription from the squire. If the programme of the League were embodied in an Act of Parliament, this school would be placed under the control of a School Board, and to this Board would be transferred the appointment of the schoolmaster, and the management of the secular teaching. The clergyman would be relieved of all responsibility in regard to these matters, as well as in regard to the maintenance of the school buildings. The Education Department would take care that the School Board appointed a competent teacher, provided sufficient secular instruction for the children, and kept the school-rooms in proper repair. All that the clergyman would have to concern himself with would be the provision of religious instruction. But this is the special object for which the school is maintained under the existing system, and the means of securing this object would remain unaltered. In no single respect would the clergyman be worse off than he is at present. He would be able to give religious instruction to all the children whose parents did not insist on withdrawing them before the school work begins, and after it has ended; and this is all that he can do now. He would not be able to give religious instruction to children whose parents wished to withdraw them, or to mix religious instruction with secular; but he is not able to do this now. Denominationalists who allow themselves to be frightened at the possible advent of Secularism do not take into account the working of the Time Table Conscience Clause. They argue as though the clergyman could somehow compel the children of Dissenters to remain during religious instruction, or could drop in at any hour of the day and call up this or that class for a lesson in the Church Catechism. As a matter of fact, of course he can do neither. Every parent has a right to withdraw his child during religious instruction, and religious instruction can only be given at the beginning and end of a school meeting. If a child is turned out of the school because he does not attend the religious lesson, or if the religious lesson is given in the

middle of the school work, or is in any way confounded with it, the Government grant is forfeited. The difference introduced by the adoption of the League programme would be partly nominal and partly personal. It would be nominal in so far that the religious lesson, instead of being given, as now, at the beginning or end of a school meeting, would be given before or after a school meeting. The hours at which it would be given would remain precisely the same. Supposing that the school now meets from nine to twelve and from two to four, and that the religious lesson is given at nine and at three, it would go on being given at nine and at three. But instead of the school being said to meet at nine and to go on till four, it would be said to meet at ten and to go on till three. Whatever motives the parents now have for sending their children to the religious lesson they would have still; whatever means the clergyman has of inducing parents to send their children to the religious lesson he would have still. The personal element in the change would be that the religious lesson could not, as it may be now, be given by the secular teacher. But considering how often it is now given by the clergy, and how much easier it would be to find persons competent and willing to give religious instruction than it is to find persons competent and willing to give secular instruction, the clergy might well congratulate themselves upon having the burden of providing the three R's taken off their shoulders. We are convinced that the first result of the adoption of the League programme would be an extraordinary outburst of Denominational energy. The Anglican and Roman Catholic clergy, relieved of that necessity of paying certificated schoolmasters and providing the apparatus of secular instruction which now weighs on them, would have their time and their purses set free for making the religious lesson thoroughly attractive. The Anglican clergy, in particular, are not half aware of what might be done in this direction. If the League programme were to become law, their chief sensation would be one of wonder that they had ever thought it worth while to oppose it.

There is another side to the question, however, which offers a far less satisfactory prospect. There is no reason to believe that the triumph of secularism in the form which it wears in the League programme would in the least interfere with the religious instruction of the children attending elementary schools; on the contrary, there is great reason to believe that it would only make it more effective. But there is serious cause to fear that the adoption of the League programme would very greatly injure the quality of the secular instruction given in elementary schools. It would transfer the control of this secular instruction from a class of persons who are usually educationists, of a more or less zealous type, to a class of persons who are usually not educationists at all. Would the education of the rural poor benefit by being handed over from the clergy to the farmers—this transfer, being accompanied, it must be remembered, by a corresponding transfer of the money burden? If the Education League is prepared to say Yes to this question, its members must have a more exalted view of the farmer nature than has commonly been entertained by those who know it most intimately, or they must have a more profound faith in the efficacy of central control than the ordinary course of English politics seems to warrant. The Denominational system operates directly to promote religious education and indirectly to promote secular education. We have said more than once that we believe the former object would in no respect be injured by the adoption of a fair and reasonable secular system. But we cannot feel an equal certainty that the latter object would not be injured. From this point of view Denominationalists need feel no alarm at the prospect of a Secularist victory, while Secularists may feel just apprehension at the prospect of a Denominationalist defeat.

THE COMMERCIAL TREATY.

THE Government is entitled to credit for an anxious desire to consult the public interest in the difficult question of the new Commercial Treaty with France which has at last been signed. The obvious and unanswerable objections to the Treaty which have been ably expounded by the Manchester Chamber of Commerce have been fully considered; and the arguments on the other side which have finally prevailed are not without considerable weight. One of the speakers at Manchester contended with much force that commercial interests ought not to be sacrificed to political expediency; but the proposition, like almost all general rules, admits of exceptions which are not inconsistent with the principle. Where

political relations are likely to influence the commercial legislation of a foreign country, it may sometimes be prudent, even with some compromise of economic orthodoxy, to conciliate the prejudices of an independent neighbour. The rupture of the negotiations last year produced the beneficial result of convincing the French Government that English manufacturers were comparatively indifferent to the maintenance of the Treaty. In the subsequent discussions the PRESIDENT and his Ministers ceased to assume that they were withdrawing a valuable boon; and although M. THIERS himself had always insisted on the advantages of Protection, the proposal of increased Customs duties was now defended on the ground of extraordinary financial necessities. The tax on raw materials, which was with a perverse ingenuity forced upon an unwilling Assembly, furnished a plausible ground for an addition to the duties on completed fabrics. Whether the tax tended to throw the burden of taxation in France upon the poor, and whether it was injurious to the national prosperity, were questions which concerned neither Lord GRANVILLE nor the Manchester Chamber of Commerce. As might have been expected, the French scheme of a new tariff included rates which greatly exceeded the due compensation for the increased cost of production in France; and it is not yet known whether the remonstrances of the English Government have caused a reduction of the excessive charges. As the old Treaty was denounced for the purpose of restricting freedom of trade, there could be little doubt that the French negotiators would seek to impose more protective duties. If they partially succeed, the injury to the English export trade will find some compensation in the probable check to French competition in neutral markets.

The operation of the Treaty of 1860 has partially justified Mr. CORDEN's prophecy that experience of the advantages of Free-trade would convince the French nation of the unsoundness of its former commercial policy. The sound doctrines which twelve years ago were held only by a few enlightened economists in France are now maintained by a large and increasing party, and perhaps by the majority of the Assembly. At a recent meeting of Royalists at Bordeaux, the establishment of Free-trade was announced as one of the blessings which would result from the restoration of Monarchy; and it may be assumed that when Legitimacy claims alliance with political economy it has something to gain by the novel combination. The Imperialists, with better right, lose no opportunity of calling attention to the commercial policy of NAPOLEON III. and M. ROUHER, and among the most active supporters of the present Government many Free-traders are to be found. The English Government found itself called upon to decide whether the process of education would be more effectually promoted by a continuance of the former lesson or by a change in the course of instruction. It is possible that the abolition of the Treaty might have produced a reaction in favour of free commercial intercourse, but, on the other hand, it would not fail to cause a certain amount of irritation. Nations, like private persons, are least docile when they are out of humour, and it was on various grounds undesirable that the French should have any pretext for accusing England of a want of sympathy and friendly feeling. Another reason for concession was furnished by the power of the French Government to inflict injury and annoyance on English traders. Mr. CORDEN had forgotten or had failed to stipulate that, after the expiration of the Treaty, England should enjoy the treatment of the most favoured nation in France. A well-informed writer lately fell into the mistake of quoting the most-favoured-nation clause in the Treaty as a proof that the negotiators of 1860 had secured their country against the imposition of differential duties when the Treaty should have lapsed. Every article of the Treaty stands or falls together, and, if it had not been renewed, there was nothing to prevent the French Legislature and Government from prohibiting the importation of English goods and the access of English vessels to French ports, and at the same time abolishing all Customs duties on goods imported from other foreign countries. The country which had the merit of first breaking through the exclusive system of France naturally concluded the Treaty which was the first to begin, and therefore the first to expire. The omission of a most-favoured-nation clause which ought to have extended beyond the term of the Treaty exposed English producers to special disabilities. The French Government was consequently in a position to profit by its own harshness; and M. THIERS was not slow to avail himself of the opportunity. The surcharge on the flags of countries which had no treaties with France would have affected England, Greece, and

the United States, to the undoubted disadvantage of English shipowners. It is asserted by M. CHEVALIER and by other respectable authorities that the injury inflicted on French trade by the surcharge would alone have sufficed to ensure its repeal; but the commercial welfare of France has been made habitually subordinate to the interests of the manufacturers, and it is not certain that the grievance inflicted on some branches of trade would have been recognized by the PRESIDENT as a sufficient reason for reversing his favourite policy. The American Government has met the vexatious legislation of France by imposing a retaliatory duty on French shipping; but a similar course, though it would have been within the power of the English Parliament, would have been inconsistent with all the modern traditions of commercial policy. The time is past when CANNING, in his well-known metrical despatch, could lightly threaten an exacting foreign Government with a twenty per cent. duty:—"Twenty per cent.—"twenty per cent.—*Nous frapperons F&C* with twenty per cent." If a new Treaty had not been concluded, English shipowners would probably have been compelled to console themselves by carrying goods to other Continental ports, to the detriment of French commerce, while their foreign rivals would have had a monopoly of the freights which were not diverted from their accustomed destination.

Bradford and Birmingham are not unnaturally more careful to secure, even at some disadvantage, a continuance of profitable trade than to maintain the abstract truths of political economy. It seems to be certain that cheap woollen fabrics and certain descriptions of hardware will find their way to French markets, even under the new tariff. The more important industry of cotton has derived but little benefit from the former Treaty; and the members of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce consider that, under the proposed tariff, exportation to France will almost or altogether cease. Nothing worse could have happened if the Treaty had been allowed to expire, and the cotton manufacturers think that it would have been better to leave the French to undergo the faster or slower conversion which results from experience. It is undoubtedly true that the French Legislature could, in the absence of any Treaty, have imposed by its own authority the tariff which has lately been the subject of negotiation; but, on the whole, it is probable that the abolition of the Treaty would have resulted in duties which would have been almost prohibitive. Lancashire, having little to gain by laxity, is the natural champion of strict principle, while Yorkshire prefers a certain amount of profit to puritanical strictness. It may be admitted that Free-trade exists for the sake of producers and consumers, and not buyers or sellers for the sake of Free-trade. The general community in England, as distinguished from manufacturers and merchants, has little direct interest in the controversy. There is happily no intention of imposing additional duties on imports from France, and the new Treaty, if its terms have been accurately reported, avoids some of the principal faults of the former arrangement. There were strong objections to the undertaking not to levy export duties on coal, although it is not probable that any practical use will be made of the liberty which is now recovered. The agreement to tax wine by an alcoholic standard operated as a discouragement to the stronger wines of Spain and Portugal; and it is not the business of Governments or Parliaments to regulate or control the taste of the general body of consumers. By a judicious provision it will henceforth be possible after reasonable notice to modify special portions of the Treaty without terminating the whole; and it seems probable that the whole question of duties will be reopened at the termination of the latest of the existing French commercial treaties in 1877. Until that time at least English trade is secured against the imposition of differential duties; and there is no reason why any future French Legislature should wish to favour any other foreign country at the expense of England. If it is true that sound commercial theories are becoming more popular in France, it may perhaps be possible to arrange the conditions of trade five years hence with greater advantage to both countries than at present; and probably Lord GRANVILLE and his colleagues may have had reason to believe that future negotiations would be facilitated by the display of a conciliatory temper, and by the continuance of relations depending on a treaty.

PRIESTS AND LIBERALS IN BELGIUM.

M. DE LAVELEYE has written an article for the current number of the *Fortnightly Review* in which he draws a very dark and gloomy picture of the present con-

dition of Belgium and of its political prospects. It is not foreign invasion, but internal convulsion, that he dreads. On every side he sees the tide of Ultramontanism rising higher and higher, and threatening to overspread the whole country. The large towns alone keep their heads above the flood, and even these isles of refuge from ecclesiastical tyranny must soon, he fears, be swamped by the irresistible inundation. There is a clerical Ministry now in office, and the recent elections helped to strengthen the clerical majority in the Chamber. On the other hand, the communal elections have been in favour of the Liberals in all the large towns. The conflict between the clericals and the Liberals is every day growing keener and more intense, and matters are evidently approaching a crisis. Will the Liberals be able to hold their ground? M. LAVELEYE takes a very dismal and desponding view of their position. The other day one of the authors of the Belgian Constitution, whom it is not perhaps difficult to identify, told him that a great mistake had been committed in making the Church independent of the State. The result was that the Church was threatening to overpower the State, and that the country was already drifting towards civil war. M. LAVELEYE appears to be of a similar opinion. There can be no doubt that the Ultramontanists have been making enormous progress in Belgium of late years, and it may be taken for granted that, though they are quite ready to use the constitutional liberties of Belgium for their own ends, their first object, if they obtained command of the country, would be to put an end to them. What exasperates the Liberals most is that their own weapons are being turned against them. They thought that religious freedom would be the ruin of the Church, and they are now discovering to their disappointment and dismay that the foe is actually fattening on the poison they had prepared for him. M. LAVELEYE confesses this in the most ingenuous manner. Institutions, he says, which the Liberals created for the purpose of propagating the modern spirit, and to counteract the Jesuits, are now being made to prepare the way for the definitive triumph of Ultramontanism. It is not perhaps surprising that under these circumstances the faith of the Liberals in their own principles should be somewhat shaken, and that they should be tempted to think that political freedom is not always a good thing in itself, but good only under certain circumstances and when it promotes their own views. English Radicals have sometimes come to a similar conclusion. The Catholic party claims to be the true national party, and M. LAVELEYE admits that it is so in this sense—that it has exercised for centuries a preponderating influence over the people, and that it is intimately bound up with their historic traditions. There is, however, another and more obvious sense in which it is the national party, but of this M. LAVELEYE oddly enough takes no notice. Belgium happens, in point of fact, to be a Catholic country. The vast majority of the population are Catholics; the rest are numerically only a very small minority. The Liberals represent the best part of the nation—its intelligence, enterprise, and thriving industry—and by sheer force of character they have during the last forty years been in office for a longer period in the aggregate than the Catholics. There is surely nothing violently unnatural or unreasonable in a Catholic majority taking its turn of office in an essentially Catholic country. But to M. LAVELEYE and the Belgian Liberals it looks like the end of all things.

M. LAVELEYE tells us very frankly and truly, though without apparently seeing the drift of his own evidence, how it happens that the Church has gained so much more power in recent years. The simple fact is that it has worked very hard to produce this result; it has been very adroit as well as laborious, and it has spared no effort to accomplish its object. The clergy have, of course, innumerable opportunities of spreading their influence, and they are perpetually at work in public and in private. They have converted the pulpit into a political platform from which they attack the Liberals and their principles. They have organized electoral clubs and political associations, and they hold meetings, publish addresses, pamphlets, newspapers, and keep up an incessant course of canvassing. In many districts clubs for singing, playing at bowls, skittles, archery, &c., have been got up by the priests, who have not forgotten to bait for members with cheap beer and tobacco. The Roman Catholic Church has always had a leaning towards Socialism, and, as a counterpoise to the International and an attraction to the working classes, conventual workshops have lately been established. Clerical supervision is closely exercised over the taverns and cafés, which are bound to take in only such journals as the priests approve. If they took in a Liberal paper, they would be at once denounced, and no Catholic would dare to go near

them. In a village near Ypres a few Liberals used to meet once a week in a tavern to read a newspaper which one of them received privately. The priest, hearing this, on the next night of meeting walked up and down before the house reading his breviary, and not one of the usual company had the courage to go in. Absolution would be refused to any one convicted of reading Liberal books or newspapers. In some parts there is a system of confessional tickets which are given to those who attend the Easter confession, and which are afterwards called for as certificates of character. Any one who was unable to produce his card would be pointed out as a bad character; his friends would be warned against him, and, if in business, most likely he would lose his customers. The influence of the clergy over the women, who are almost all educated in convents or clerical schools, naturally gives them great power over the men. Girls in convents are made to promise that their sons, if they marry, shall be sent to Jesuit colleges or to the Catholic University at Louvain. The priest arranges marriages, and makes his own terms for a rich bride. Henceforth he is master in the household. But it is to educational agencies that the Ultramontanists have devoted themselves most zealously. Already their institutions for secondary and superior instruction have twice as many pupils as those of the State. The convents and Sisters of Mercy have almost a monopoly of female education. In twenty years the number of convents has doubled, and it is calculated that there are now two convents for every three parishes, with a fair prospect of every parish before long having a convent of its own. Now that the clerical party is in power, it will no doubt take care to fill the public schools and Universities with its own men, and it will then be master of the whole education of the country.

It must be admitted that from the Liberal point of view the prospect is melancholy and discouraging in the extreme. The triumph of the Ultramontanists simply means the crushing out of all intellectual vitality and independence. The Jesuits have carried out their system in different countries and in different ages, and the results have always been the same—moral and spiritual debasement, the corruption of manners, and at last a violent reaction against an intolerable and degrading tyranny. We acknowledge the force of all that M. LAVELEYE says about the deplorable consequences of Ultramontanist ascendancy in Belgium. The Liberals have a most formidable enemy to encounter—formidable alike in his vast resources, his ceaseless activity, and his unscrupulous zeal. And how are they meeting him? Apparently by a policy of impotent talk and childish protest. An association has been formed, called *La Libre Pensée*, the members of which undertake to celebrate births, marriages, and burials without the intervention of the clergy. Education is free in Belgium. Under the Constitution all sects are equal. There is nothing which the clericals have done which it is not open for the Liberals to do to-morrow, if they were only ready to devote themselves to the work, and to make the necessary sacrifices. But this is just what they are not ready to do. Their educational efforts are paltry and insignificant compared with those of the Church. The Church has been working while they have been only talking, and now their only hope is that the Constitution may somehow be altered so as to fetter the Church and to do for the Liberals what they have not spirit or self-denial enough to do for themselves. And this is the weak point of Continental Liberalism. It is the old story of the carter praying to JUPITER to get his cart out of the mud, instead of putting his shoulder to the wheel. The State is to do everything, and is always to be on our side and against those who differ from us. Perhaps a parallel to this kind of Liberalism might be found nearer home.

MR. AYRTON'S LAST.

IF Parliament were sitting it might perhaps be possible to obtain some explanation of the extraordinary course which the Government has thought fit to pursue with regard to the regulation of public meetings in Hyde Park. As the matter stands it is impossible to imagine a more melancholy exhibition of wanton folly and persistent blundering. Everything has been done to bring the law into contempt, to encourage the violence of the mob, and to make the exercise of authority offensive and ridiculous. Last Sunday afternoon the amazing sight was witnessed of a body of people actively engaged in violating all the rules of the Park under the eyes of the police, who were forbidden to interfere, and who seem to have been paraded for no other purpose than that they might be exposed

to public derision. It is provided by the rules that no address shall be delivered in the Park except within a prescribed area, and after formal notice of the intention to deliver it has been given to the police. Mr. ODGER and his friends purposely abstained from giving notice of their meeting on behalf of the Fenian prisoners, and took up their position in the Park beyond the prescribed limits. There are also rules forbidding any one to injure or destroy the trees or plants, to use profane, indecent, or obscene language, or to interfere with and annoy other persons using the Park. All these rules were openly defied. The agitators and the roughs did just what they pleased; the police looked on without venturing even to hint that there were any rules in existence, or to remonstrate with those who were breaking them. It is stated that the police "walked about in threes and fours, and "with the greatest forbearance submitted to hootings and jeers." They were equally forbearing with regard to the destruction of the trees, the blasphemous performances of the mock Litany men, and the busy trade of the hawkers and costermongers who turned the Park into a fair. Bands of young ruffians rushed through the crowd hand-in-hand, sweeping every one before them. There was hustling, fighting, and every kind of disorder. It was a saturnalia of blackguardism; and one of its greatest charms was, no doubt, that it took place within sight of the new regulations, and in the presence of the representatives of law and order. If "forbearance" is the whole duty of the police, it must be admitted that nothing could be more exemplary than their behaviour on this occasion. They were successful in maintaining to the last a calm air of philosophic meditation, undisturbed by the shrieks of terrified women and children chased about by the playful Satyrs of Whitechapel and the Seven Dials, the crashing of branches, or the hootings and jeerings addressed to themselves. The men who had got up the meeting were few in number, and received little attention and less sympathy. It was evident that nobody cared a straw about the Fenian prisoners; they furnished a pretext for insulting the Government and defying the police, and that was enough. Most of the people in the Park had come from pure curiosity, to see whether the rules would be enforced; and they would no doubt have dispersed at once on a word from the police. There was, however, a considerable number of Mr. VERNON HARCOURT's friends, the roughs, who had turned out in hope of fun, and perhaps of plunder, and who heartily enjoyed the anarchy of the hour. They may have found the conduct of the police a trifle too tame, but they were apparently not insensible to the delicate flattery of abject surrender, without even a show of resistance, on the part of the authorities.

The gathering, though a scandalous violation of decency and order, passed off without any serious outrage; but it hardly required much experience of mobs to see that it contained all the elements of a dangerous riot, and that a chance spark might at any moment have produced an explosion. Mr. RAREY's plan of taming horses is to beat a drum, then to show it to them close at hand, and allow them to sniff at and examine it, and see how harmless it really is. The next time the drum is beaten they are not a bit frightened. The Home Office, or the Board of Works, or whoever is responsible for the extraordinary spectacle of Sunday last, is perhaps anxious that the roughs of London should be disabused in this manner of their absurd terror of the police. We are afraid that the lesson of Sunday is likely to be only too impressive and effectual, and that the results will be felt for a long time to come. It may be doubted whether it is the most urgent duty of the Government to encourage the rabble of the capital to have more confidence in themselves and greater contempt for the police, and not to be afraid to do as they like merely because what are called laws seem to convey a prohibition and to threaten punishment. Nor does it at first sight appear desirable to expose the police to insult and humiliation at a moment when they are themselves supposed to be somewhat unsteady and meditating a strike; although, if "forbearance" is all that is wanted of them, their defection would be less acutely felt. It used to be thought that prevention was better than cure, but this is perhaps quite an old-fashioned and exploded notion; at least it does not seem to be in favour with the Home Office and the Chief Commissioner of Police. The police who were so strangely passive on Sunday, suddenly became active on Monday, and took out summonses against the leaders of the Fenian demonstration. The magistrate at Marlborough Street, to whom they applied, was at first doubtful whether he could issue summonses, as it had been stated that the new rules of the Parks would not be enforced at present, but he subsequently granted them. As might be expected, the demagogues are in

high spirits at these proceedings. They have got what they have been long anxious for, a grievance and a pretext for continued agitation, with every prospect of another surrender on the part of the Government. "If this business is managed properly," said one of them at a meeting on Tuesday, "it will do more to rouse the spirit of the people than anything which has occurred for a long time." Another intimated that "the Park was the people's, and they once broke down the railings to show that," and he accused the Government of deceit and treachery. Altogether a very pretty mess has been made of an exceedingly simple question, which on every ground it was desirable to settle firmly and decisively once for all.

It is obvious that, if meetings in the Parks are to be regulated at all, they should be regulated by means of distinct, intelligible rules which everybody understands, as to the validity of which there can be no sort of doubt, and which, when once promulgated, shall be resolutely enforced. On each of these points the Government has contrived, with perverted ingenuity, to put itself in the wrong. The new rules are in themselves fantastic and absurd. There might not be much difficulty with stout railings in keeping a mob out of the Park; but any one capable of reflection must see at once that it would be physically impossible to prevent a mob from straying beyond the limits of a narrow area marked out by imaginary lines. The legality of the rules is also doubtful. Mr. AYTON was understood to state at the end of last Session that they would not be enforced until Parliament had had an opportunity of considering them. It was thought desirable, he said, that "they should merely pass one short rule, which would be the only rule at present—namely, that the public should continue to enjoy the Parks as they had hitherto enjoyed them; until the detailed rules were settled, no change would be made." He added that the rules would not be formally laid on the table until next year. It may perhaps be argued that the Act directs only that the rules shall be submitted to the House of Commons, and gives power to any member within a certain period to move the amendment or omission of a rule, but does not say that in the meantime the rules shall not be valid. It may also be pleaded that an Act of Parliament cannot be suspended or repealed by a speech in the House of Commons, and that in this instance the police and the magistrates have to deal with the statute by itself, and not with *Hansard*. Whatever may be the judicial decision as to the validity of the rules, it cannot be denied that Mr. AYTON has succeeded in producing a most unfortunate misunderstanding. One of the Resolutions which were passed, or supposed to be passed, on Sunday in the Park was to the effect that, as Mr. GLADSTONE was "the foremost man in England four years ago" to justify the Fenians, and to accept office upon the avowed "platform of redressing the grievances which drove them to revolt," there was a "saddening inconsistency" on his part in locking up the patriots in dungeons. Another "saddening inconsistency" will now be discovered in the prosecution of the democratic orators who, with FINLEN at their head, were once received in a "fatherly manner" by Mr. GLADSTONE in his own house. Mr. ODGER and his friends may console themselves with the reflection that the Government has at any rate managed things so as to place itself in a thoroughly false position, and to do all it can to weaken respect for the law and for those whose business it is to enforce it.

CHINESE GAMBLING.

A CURIOUS account recently appeared in the *Times* of the Chinese passion for gambling. The Chinaman of public opinion has gone through some curious phases. In the last century it was the fashion for Deists to quote him as a proof that millions of people could get on very well without Christianity; and, in consequence, to represent him as the possessor of every virtue under heaven. More recently the poor Chinaman has come into popular use with writers of Mr. Mill's school as an instance of the frightful consequences produced by over-legislation. In spite of competitive examinations, he has remained for untold centuries in a stationary condition; and we are invited to beware lest a similar misfortune should befall ourselves. Meanwhile we are beginning to form a rather closer acquaintance with the real human being who has served as a model for such different portraits. The popular impression is that the Chinaman is a crafty and detestable creature, with a disgraceful habit of working for lower wages than persons of different origin. The American view of his character may be pretty well inferred from Bret Harte's "Heathen Chinee." The "smile that was childlike and bland" covered in that instance the unfathomable amount of guile necessary for cheating a Yankee. The Correspondent of the *Times*, though admitting that the heathen is undeniably crafty, is anxious to show that he belongs, properly

speaking, to one of the least intelligent peoples on earth. British colonists, as a rule, are not apt to take too high a view of the intelligence of the natives amongst whom their lot is cast. They may, however, be in a position to give useful evidence; and we therefore study with some interest this new revelation of the deeply seated iniquity and folly of the Chinese people. The method pursued by the writer is to prove that they are not only gamblers, but gamblers of a specially imbecile type; and we are left to infer that a people who can be guilty of the follies which he exposes have no right to be regarded as equals, if indeed they can claim any rights whatever which conflict with the interests of Europeans.

We must notice in the first place that, in spite of certain British prejudices, gambling is licensed at Hong-Kong, as it was till lately at Baden and Homburg. The attempt to suppress it is said to have caused such a fearful state of things that the licensing system had to be adopted as the less of two evils; besides which, it brings in a good deal of money. The passion, indeed, is said to be so widely spread that we may easily believe that suppression would be difficult. The traveller at Hong-Kong may everywhere see groups of dirty and half-naked men playing at a very simple game. One man cuts open an orange and the others guess the number of pips; those who make the best guesses winning the money. In other places a variety of pitch-and-toss, which involves the use of dice, seems to be popular. There is nothing, we must admit, which strikes us as specially horrible in the revelations thus far. The traveller in England may see groups of men in the neighbourhood of any village, especially on a Sunday morning, indulging in pitch-and-toss without the refinement of dice. Guessing at the number of pips in an orange is doubtless an artificial mode of gambling; but very respectable Britons have been known to stake large sums of money on the number of pips printed on a piece of paper; and the difference does not of necessity imply that we are on a higher moral or intellectual level. These unprincipled Chinese, however, play at a game called Fan-tan. The mode of play is charmingly simple. Each player stakes what sum he pleases. The croupier of the gambling-house counts out all the coins handed to him in fours; the remainder from the last batch must be of course 3, 2, 1, or 0. If the player has named the number which actually occurs, he wins three times his stake, the bank however deducting seven per cent; if another number turns up, he loses. The game is so attractive that the houses in which it is practised pay over 200,000 dollars a year for licences. We are still at a loss, it may be, to know why this should be worse than roulette or rouge-et-noir. To bet on the number of coins in a heap is not intrinsically worse than to bet on the colour of cards in a pack. This case, however, is alleged to prove rather the stupidity than the villany of the Chinese. Any judicious European might, it is suggested, make winning a certainty. All that he has to do is steadily to back a given number. If he loses the first time, he is to double his stake; if he loses the next time, to double again, and so on. He must ultimately win, and his winnings will then be sufficient to recoup all his losses. The theory is a very common one at European gambling tables, but it is open to one or two slight objections. We are not told whether the Chinese gambling-houses limit the stake which may be played, in which case the plan of course breaks down. But even if they theoretically admit unlimited stakes, we should fancy that the ragged and disreputable vagabonds who are said to patronize these houses are apt to have a very definite limit to the producible amount of cash. A geometrical progression has a very uncomfortable way of increasing, and by the time the gambler had lost ten times he would have to put down more than a thousand times his original stake. If he lost twenty times running, he would have on the next throw to put down more than a million times the original stake. Perhaps this prevents the general adoption of the plan amongst half-naked players. The writer, however, is subject to another superstition, which indeed seems to be almost ineradicable from ordinary minds. He tells us that the experienced gambler always backs the same number. Why should he do that? Because, says the writer, if 0, 1, and 2 have already turned up, the "laws of chance" prove it to be even betting that 3 will turn up next time. It would be curious to know how many men have been ruined by faith in this theory in one form or other. The laws of chance, according to all mathematicians, are precisely the reverse; the odds that 3 will not be the next number after 0, 1, and 2 have occurred are precisely the same as before they occurred. The perplexity which has bewildered innumerable gamblers results from an incapacity to reconcile the two propositions that the odds against a coin coming down heads twenty times running are enormous, and that, after it has come down heads nineteen times, it is an even chance whether it comes heads or tails next time. Yet, as can easily be shown, one proposition follows necessarily from the other. The writer declares that it is proved by observation that any given number will occur once in every twenty-one times. If so, assuming fair play, he would believe that, after it had been absent the first twenty times, its presence on the next trial would be a certainty. To put a more familiar case, he would apparently believe that in a game of whist, after hearts had not been trump during twenty rounds, the dealer would be absolutely compelled, however the cards might have been shuffled, to cut a heart on the next occasion. We should like to know whether he further holds that, if the cards had been put aside at the end of the twentieth deal, and another set of players took them up a week or a month afterwards, they would still find it totally impossible to cut any-

thing but a heart. How long does this mysterious influence last, and wherein does it reside? It is odd that this superstition, which rests on a fallacy not altogether unnatural, is balanced by a parallel and contradictory one. All gamblers believe more or less in runs of luck. They hold, that is to say, that if hearts are trumps frequently, they get into a habit of being trumps; or, in other words, that because the phenomenon has occurred once, it will occur again; whilst the very same people hold, in other cases, that because it has occurred once it will not occur again. Without attempting, however, to explain the alphabet of the theory of chance, which for some readers is superfluous and upon others would be entirely thrown away, it is enough to observe that this sagacious European is in fact ridiculing the Chinese for not being taken in by a fallacy which has imposed upon him.

The other instances of Chinese stupidity and depravity are remarkable. In the first place, they have State lotteries conducted on a peculiar principle. A man buys a card marked with certain characters, and scratches out such as he pleases. The characters are then publicly drawn, and if those which come first are identical with those which the player has left upon his card, he wins proportionally. There is one difficulty which is not quite explained—namely, how the officials satisfy themselves that the player has eliminated the characters before the announcement of the result of the drawing. We presume that there must be some safeguard, otherwise we must give some credit to the Chinese for an amount of honesty truly astonishing. Meanwhile we may remark that this is the kind of lottery which till recently was maintained in the Papal States, showing that the poor Chinese are not without the countenance of an authority revered by many Europeans. It is to be said, however, that gambling in most of these varieties is regarded as disreputable by respectable people in China. Yet we are assured that many rich young men are apt to indulge in it on the sly at an early age, and frequently ruin themselves and have to mortgage their whole estates. That is indeed a lamentable circumstance. This fact would, however, be more surprising if such things never happened in wiser countries. We seem to remember cases in which young Englishmen have contrived to get rid of a good deal of money by betting upon horse-races in our own day; and many generations have not yet passed since Charles Fox and his friends considered it a gentleman-like accomplishment to stake numerous sums on the variety of Fan-tan which was then fashionable. There is, however, one kind of gambling in China to which we can at present produce no exact parallel. It seems that a great deal of money changes hands upon the result of the competitive examinations. The system has not been popularized in England long enough to encourage this variety of speculation; yet it is possible that our gamblers may not overlook so admirable a field for winning and losing money. The only difficulty we can see is that it is at present easier for persons of gambling propensities to form a judgment of the points of a horse than of those of a Senior Wrangler. No doubt the difficulty might be surmounted; and in time we shall perhaps hear that So-and-so, who was favourite for next year's Tripos, has been got at, and we shall read in our sporting papers the reports of the touts who are keeping an eye on the stables of the trainers, or, to speak properly, the pupil-rooms of the examiners. This is the one part of the competitive system which we have not yet adopted from the Celestial Empire. The story, however, is told us in this case with another view. It seems that when the names of the winners were reported by the electric telegraph, the ignorant heathen refused to put much faith in the announcement; and when the ordinary post brought news in confirmation, they were inclined to believe that there was some magic in the telegraph. We know better, but people who believe in rapping spirits should perhaps not be too proud of their intellectual superiority. If we do not believe that the messages of the telegraph employ witchcraft in the operations, we account for much smaller miracles by the same agency. If we must choose, the Chinese seem to have most excuse of the two.

On the whole, we can fully believe that these poor heathen are much more given to gambling than is good for them. Very likely the practice is much more prevalent in Hong-Kong than in London. The speculations at Tattersall's and on the Stock Exchange may be surpassed by the half-naked gamblers who play Fan-tan in a Chinese hell. Yet, granting all this, we do not see why the prevalence of the practice should prove that the Chinese are essentially greater fools than Englishmen. So far as the *Times* Correspondent has told us, there is not one of their practices which may not be paralleled by an exactly similar amusement prevalent amongst the best circles in Europe. We are only just ceasing to sanction them on a large scale; and we have some modes of amusing ourselves in that direction which are unknown to our less civilized contemporaries. But vices which are amiable, or at least tolerable, when practised by decent people in black coats and chimney-pot hats, become utterly detestable when emulated by men with slanting eyes and pigtails. What business have these wretched creatures to ape our civilization, and even to caricature our vices? That is one of the most offensive practices of which an ignorant people can be guilty; and we fully agree that the sooner they are taught that such practices are detestable, and ought to be reserved for their betters, who can cover them with a cloak of decency, the better. Only it is rather impudent to assert that the addiction to them necessarily implies, not only that the people are degraded, but that their brains must be intrinsically feebliter than our own.

MR. ROEBUCK ON UPPER HOUSES.

THAT Mr. Roebuck should appear as a panegyrist of the House of Lords might seem wonderful to one of his own early contemporaries who had slept ever since those distant times and had awakened now after the manner of Rip Van Winkle or the Seven Sleepers. To those who have stayed awake all the while there is nothing wonderful in the matter. Mr. Roebuck, like most other people, is a different man now from what he was in his hot youth. Of all men in the world the Liberal of the more impulsive sort is the most likely to change as he grows older. We have known Liberal politicians of rather advanced views, but who seemed old fogies to the fierce spirits of the next generation a'ter them, comfort themselves by thinking that they would still be found Liberals after their younger censors had turned Tories. We do not expect that Mr. Mill will ever turn Tory, but it is not in the least out of the course of nature that Mr. Roebuck should do so. The thing to be wondered at and to be admired is the manly frankness with which Mr. Roebuck tells the world that he has changed, and that he now thinks that he was wrong in what he said in times past. Most people who change try very hard to hide both from other people and from themselves the fact that they have changed. The cat is let out of the bag by their saying something contrary to what they used to say; but either it comes out quite unawares, or else the unpleasant fact is shirked by talk about change of times, circumstances, and the like. Times and circumstances no doubt have changed, but it is the man himself who has changed most of all. Only he is afraid to say so, for fear of the silly charge of "inconsistency." Of all charges this is the very silliest. There is no "inconsistency" at all in a man's really changing his opinion; real inconsistency is when a man at the same time professes two opinions, or acts in two ways which contradict one another. Mr. Roebuck is at any rate above fearing this kind of thing. At no time of his life, when he was "Tear 'em" or at any other time, has he been afraid to speak as he thought. Mr. Roebuck once thought that the House of Lords was of no use; he now thinks that it is of great use. Whether the change in his opinion be intellectually wise or foolish, there is no doubt that he is to be honoured both for being clear-sighted enough to see that his opinion has changed and for having moral courage enough to avow it.

But when we turn to some of the arguments by which Mr. Roebuck supports his new opinion, they show that both the old opinion and the new must have been taken up at least as much under the influence of impulse as under the influence of reason. No feat of reporting can possibly have so utterly misrepresented Mr. Roebuck as to have made him say what he is made to say, unless he said something very superficial indeed. He is not satisfied with the argument that a second Chamber is needed, that we have a second Chamber ready made, and that, whatever may be said from the point of view of any abstract theory, it may well be practically doubted whether, if we took this second Chamber away, any other that we should get would not be worse. One has heard this argument hundreds of times; it is easy to find something to say against every stage of it; still it has force as far as it goes. There is a whole crowd of institutions which no one would create as they stand, but which yet do their work so well that it would do far more harm than good to exchange them for institutions which might be ideally better, but which would have only their ideal merits to stand upon. Mr. Roebuck himself uses this argument or something like it, when he says, "From those curious circumstances that have always attended the growth of institutions in England, we have a second Chamber to our hands furnished to us by antiquity." This is of course the main difference between England and most other countries which have adopted the institution of the second Chamber—that is to say, most of the countries which have any Parliamentary institutions at all. They have had to make their second Chamber, while we have had ours ready made; and as the position of a second Chamber is one that must always rest a good deal upon sentiment and tradition, there can be no doubt that this is a great gain. Of course under all arguments of this kind there lies a further question, whether an Upper Chamber is really a good institution or not, but for the present argument we take for granted that it is. That is to say, we take for granted that it is well to have some kind of body which does not immediately represent the people to act as a check upon the body which does directly represent the people. Whether this really be so or not, it is certain that most of the constitutional States of Europe and America have thought that it was so. The difficulty has been how to make an Upper Chamber when there has not been one, as in England, ready made; how to call one into being when it is not, as Mr. Roebuck says, furnished by antiquity. Mr. Roebuck says very truly that it is very easy to make the purely representative part of a Parliamentary Constitution, but that it is not so easy to make the Upper Chamber, the part which is not strictly representative. In fact, where it is not ready made, it must be more or less of a mere ingenious device. Now here it is that Mr. Roebuck, in seeking for a precedent or a parallel, shows that he can only have thought very superficially about the matter. He goes for his precedent or parallel to the United States; and it is certain that within the borders of the United States he might have found many precedents or parallels very much to his purpose. That is to say, in most, we believe in all, the Constitutions of the several States there is a second Chamber or Senate, and this in some cases after the experiment of working with the single

Chamber only had been tried and had been found to fail. This is undoubtedly a great point in Mr. Roebuck's favour. But he goes not to the State Constitutions, but to the Federal Constitution, and there he altogether fails to see the great point of distinction between that Constitution and those of the several States. His comments on the Federal Constitution, for he can mean no other, run thus:—

The great men who framed the constitution of the United States decided that there should be two Houses of Legislation, and they decided wisely—at least I think so—and then they were called upon to devise how they should make that second Assembly. To make the House representing the people was very easy; but how should they distinguish that second House from the House of Representatives? They did it by requiring of the members to be elected for a greater number of years, and they made a different form of election for the purpose of calling this body into existence. As a consequence the Senate of the United States is a body most amazingly distinct from the House of Representatives, by its honour and intelligence.

Now the great men who drew up the American Constitution, just like those who sixty years later drew up the Swiss Constitution, knew perfectly well what they were about. They undoubtedly wished to establish a checking power, to give every measure the advantage of being twice debated in two distinct assemblies. But it was not merely a checking power that they established. In a single State the checking power, the Senate or House of Lords, is merely a checking power. It is of its own nature not representative, at all events not representative in the same sense as the House of Commons or other Lower Houses. It is something which stands outside the direct national representation. But in a Federal Constitution like the American or the Swiss the second Chamber, the Senate, or the *Ständerath*, is not a mere checking body; it is in its way as truly representative as the *Nationalrath* or House of Representatives. The makers of the American Constitution did not, as Mr. Roebuck seems to think, cast about for some ingenious way by which they might invent some body which should be in some way different from the House of Representatives. Mr. Roebuck says that they "made a different form of election for the purpose of calling this body into existence." Of course they did, by the very nature of the case. Mr. Roebuck forgets that in framing the Constitution of a Federal State there are two things to be represented, while in framing the Constitution of a State which is not Federal there is only one. In a State which is not Federal there is nothing to represent except the nation itself, whether according to strict numerical proportion or not is not now to the purpose. If besides this purely representative body it is thought good to make a second Chamber of any kind, that second Chamber exists purely for the purpose of acting as a wholesome check on the representative body. But in framing a Federal Constitution the legislator has to do something besides making a representation of the nation, if by the nation we understand the aggregate of all the citizens of all the commonwealths of which the Confederation is made up. He has to provide a representation for this aggregate nation, but he has also to provide a representation for the several sovereign States of which that aggregate nation is made up, and which, in consenting to become parts of it, to acknowledge its sovereignty within its own range, have not given up their own sovereignty within their own range. These States, differing widely, it may be, in extent and resources, but equal in virtue of their distinct being and sovereignty, and incorporated into the Confederation on equal terms, are in as strict a sense represented in the Senate or the *Ständerath* as the aggregate nation is represented in the *Nationalrath* or House of Representatives.

All this Mr. Roebuck forgets when he appeals to the American Senate as if it were simply an ordinary checking body, as if it were simply an ingenious device, such as might arise in France to-morrow if the French Republic should think good to give itself two Chambers. He seems also no less to forget an argument which the American Senate might have furnished him with on behalf of his own new views. He points, with something of exultation, to the wide difference in character between the Senate and the House of Representatives. Now it is surely hardly a merit in a Constitution that it condemns one branch of its Legislature to be very inferior to the other. Such a state of things may be unavoidable, but it is hardly a thing to be proud of. On the other hand we are ourselves commonly proud of having our two Houses so much more nearly on a level, on having the best men in the country divided between the two. Now it would have strengthened Mr. Roebuck's argument if he had said, what it is at least plausible to say, that the high character of the English House of Commons, as compared with the American House of Representatives, is largely owing to the fact that the House of Lords is hereditary. Because the House of Lords is hereditary, the best men in the Commons do not crowd into it in the way in which they crowd into the American Senate. The chief men of any party, when they have free choice, commonly like a seat in the Commons better. But very often they have no free choice in the matter. Sometimes they are in succession to peerages, and are carried into the House of Lords whether they wish it or not. Sometimes, though no such necessity is laid upon them, it is convenient for personal or party reasons that they should move upwards. Thus we get some of the best men in each House, and neither House has that marked superiority over the other which the Senate has over the House of Representatives.

Mr. Roebuck also forgets another special characteristic of the American Senate which distinguishes it from both Houses of the English Parliament. The Senate is not only a branch of the Legislature, it has a share in the Executive Government. With us it is

only indirectly or incidentally that either House of Parliament deals either with appointment to offices or with the conclusion of treaties. But one important part of the powers of the Senate is to confirm or annul the acts of the President in both these branches. This great function again helps to give the Senate its superiority over the House of Representatives, which has no voice in such matters. And it is one which is not shared with the Swiss *Ständerath*. The class of acts of the Executive power which in America are confirmed by the Senate alone come in Switzerland before the Federal Assembly as a whole. Nor has the Swiss *Ständerath* the separate judicial powers which belong in certain cases, as the impeachment of the President, to the American Senate. The *Ständerath* has no advantage in dignity or authority over the *Nationalrath*. Like the Senate, it represents the Federal principle, but it is not clothed with the same incidental functions as the Senate. It is therefore far from having the same strength as the Senate or the same monopoly of the best men of the country. In short there are a good many things about the delicate machinery of a Federal Government which seem to have no place in Mr. Roebuck's political philosophy.

BALZAC'S MINORET-LEVRAULT.

AMONGST the many and various types of character to be found in every country, foreigners have a fixed habit of selecting one, and of exaggerating a few of its most salient peculiarities. The type thus selected and caricatured serves afterwards as the representative of the whole nation, and becomes a received conception not easily modified by the reports of unprejudiced observers. The French notion of *un Anglais* and the popular English idea of a "Frenchman" are both good examples of this tendency or habit. The type which the French see in their minds' eye when they hear of *un Anglais* might very probably be found actually existing somewhere in the British islands; it might be possible to discover some odd specimen of an Englishman, very tall and very awkward, with large sandy whiskers and little wit, addicted to drinking, swearing, and immorality, easily imposed upon, spending his money like a fool, and eating bloody flesh with the voracity of a bulldog; but a careful observer of our race would sooner or later discover that it contains several other varieties also. He would be able to satisfy himself, after some residence in this country, that there exist genuine Englishmen of the purest descent who are habitually temperate both in eating and drinking, who are not addicted to profane swearing, whose whiskers have no perceptible tinge either of red or yellow, whose appetites are moderate, whose stature is not gigantic, and who are reasonably economical in their money matters. There are even some Englishmen who possess in a striking degree many of those virtues and qualities which on the other side of the Channel are regarded as quite peculiarly French. There are Englishmen endowed by nature with considerable sharpness and decision, with hearty self-forgetful enthusiasm, with a genial disposition and a ready wit. And so it is, in a converse sense, with the prevalent English conception of a Frenchman. According to that conception, the Frenchman is always a slight, active little fellow, excessively talkative, incapable of steadiness in the gradual realization of his projects, capable only at the best of spurts of nervous energy which never last for long, yet clever in his way—that is to say, with the cleverness of the smaller breeds of monkeys. Each nation has selected in the other the type in strongest contrast with itself, and then turned the type into a caricature. The truth is that in France there exist several types very distinct from each other both in physical structure and in nervous habit or temperament. There are not only light and clever little monkey Frenchmen; there are also heavy, big, stupid, stolid, ox or bull Frenchmen, having remarkably little mobility and the least possible degree of liability to enthusiasm of any kind; and these are to be found in very considerable numbers, especially in the provinces, where they may be known at once by their taciturnity and by a repose of behaviour the very opposite of Gallic gesticulation. They are rarely intelligent, as literary people understand intelligence, but they almost invariably save money. Sometimes they are very mild in manner, with strong parental or conjugal affections; sometimes also they are liable to sudden explosions, and capable of energetic resolutions which seem to belie the habitual gentleness of their ways. But unless some event occurs to rouse them they go on placidly in their own line, getting fatter and fatter, richer and richer, every year, yet remaining always exactly at the same intellectual level, usually a very low one.

It was Balzac's ambition to represent by selected types all the varieties of his contemporaries in the *Comédie humaine*, and the type of the heavy animal Frenchman is represented by Minoret-Levrault, an owner of post-horses and diligences at Nemours. In the earlier pages of the story of *Ursule Mirouet* there is a full-length portrait of this personage drawn with such care as to the details that it is evident how the artist rejoiced in it:—

The postmaster presented one of those physiognomies where the thinker perceives with difficulty any trace of a soul under the violent carnation produced by a brutal growth of flesh. His cap of blue cloth, with a little neb and sides cut like a melon, covered a head whose dimensions proved that phrenology has not yet explained the exceptions. The grey and shining hair which escaped from beneath the cap would have proved to you that hair whitens from other causes than grief or mental fatigue. On each side of the head might be seen the big ears, showing on their edges the erosion

of a plethoric blood which seemed ready to spurt out at the slightest effort. The complexion displayed tones of violet under a surface browned by the sun. The grey active eyes, deep seated, hidden under two black bushes, resembled the eyes of the Kalmucks who came in 1815; if they shone from time to time, it could only be from the effort of an ignoble thought. The nose, flat from above downwards, stuck up suddenly like the foot of a three-legged pan. Thick lips, in harmony with a double chin, whose beard, shaven at most twice a week, kept an old neckcloth threadbare; a neck in folds of fat, although very short; two big cheeks completed the characteristics of stupid strength which sculptors give to their caryatides. Minoret-Levrault resembled these statues, with the difference that they support an edifice, whilst he had enough to do to carry himself. You will meet with many of these Atlases without a world. The bust of this man was a block; he was like a bull standing on his two hind legs. The vigorous arms ended in hands thick and hard, which knew how to use the whip, the reins, the dung-fork, and which no position cared to play with. This giant's enormous belly was supported by thighs thick as the body of an adult, and by elephantine feet. The anger of this man must have been rare, but terrible, apoplectic, when it burst forth. Though violent and incapable of reflection, he had done nothing to justify the sinister forebodings of his physiognomy. If any one trembled before him, his postillions said, "Oh! il n'est pas méchant!"

So much for the outward man. The mental portrait may be described almost entirely in negatives. Minoret-Levrault had never concerned himself with politics; he had never set foot inside a church except to get himself married; he had no principles in private life save such as were to be found in the Civil Code. He had never read anything except the newspaper of his department, or some instructions concerning his profession of postmaster. He passed for a good practical agriculturist, but had never troubled himself about theories of agriculture. He seldom opened his lips, and before uttering anything he always took a pinch of snuff, to give himself time to find his words. Notwithstanding these deficiencies, he had contrived in thirty-six years to amass a fortune of 1,300*l.* a year—this by the help of his resolute managing wife. The pair had one child, a son, whom they christened Désiré. Their one thought was to make a gentleman of Désiré, or more accurately a *monsieur*. The father had been practically a materialist, as he had been practically agriculturist, practically egoist, practically avaricious; yet he had hitherto led a life of unclouded happiness, if one may esteem a purely material existence as one of the forms of happiness. He worshipped his boy, the *monsieur*, and spoke of him tenderly in a thin small voice which contrasted absurdly with his physical proportions.

Now although Minoret-Levrault and his wife were, in the truest sense of the word, rich on their thirteen hundred pounds a year, they looked forward to a considerable increase of their wealth on the death of an uncle of theirs, a retired physician, Dr. Minoret, who, after a brilliant career in Paris, where he had saved a fortune, had come to spend the evening of his days in that same little town of Nemours, where Minoret-Levrault carried on his business of postmaster. This Dr. Minoret brought with him a little niece, Ursule Mirouet, an orphan, whom he cherished with the most tender affection, and it became a matter of the gravest anxiety to Minoret-Levrault and his wife, as well as to divers other not disinterested relatives, how far this affection of the doctor's for Ursule might divert a portion of the inheritance from their pockets. This anxiety assumed an acute form when the girl grew in all beauty and grace, and her influence over the old doctor became evidently stronger. One most disquieting proof of that increasing influence was the late conversion of her guardian to the practice of the Catholic religion. Hitherto he had abstained from public worship because of the insufficiency of his faith, but one memorable Sunday he was actually seen to accompany his niece to mass, and again to vespers in the afternoon. From that day Minoret-Levrault knew no peace, and even had he been sufficiently contented with the amount of his fortune, and indifferent to the increase of it, to see without apprehension the probable diminution of his expected legacy, his wife's energy of self-interest would have given him little chance of any subsequent tranquillity.

When an anxiety fixes itself in the mind of a cultivated person accessible to many ideas, it does not take root very easily; but when the fatal germ is once implanted in the deep, unoccupied soil which culture never disturbs, the roots of it spread and strengthen, and draw to themselves abundant nourishment. A man having intellectual pursuits, and the variety of thoughts to which they lead, would not, in Minoret-Levrault's position (which was entirely free from the restlessness of the needy), have so concentrated his reflections on the subject of a legacy as to undergo a moral revolution. But Minoret-Levrault had a mind at once powerful in its volitions, and so disengaged from all immediate cares or remoter speculations that the whole force of it gathered round the ever-recurring question, "Will the Doctor leave us our fair share of his money, or will little Ursule Mirouet manage to make herself his heiress?" Gradually the operation of this anxiety brought about a new and morbid development of character. The man had always loved money, but that sentiment had found its regular satisfaction in a healthy business activity. He had for many years combined the two conditions most favourable to mental health—a prosperous activity with absolute inward peace. Now, however, he found himself incessantly pre-occupied about a possible disappointment which left him no mental repose, and yet, on the other hand, offered no field for the kind of action in which his energies had hitherto found their outlet. To be always thinking about a probable misfortune, and feeling at the same time that he could do little or nothing to prevent it, was the very worst condition to which a mind so incapable of self-discipline could abandon itself. Had he been under soothing social influences, had he been more fortunate in his wife and friends, the

anxiety that troubled him might have been less absorbing and less pernicious; but he lived with a wife who was perpetually irritating the diseased idea, and with relations who, being themselves also expectant heirs, could find no other subject of daily conversation. So it came to pass that Minoret-Levrault, after having been nothing worse for thirty years than a selfishly energetic money-getter, gradually ripened into a possible criminal.

Old Dr. Minoret was at last on his death-bed, and the priests came to administer the last sacraments of the Church. The heirs were present also, and prayed, or pretended to pray, whilst these solemn offices were going forward. Minoret-Levrault knelt down with the rest, his anxiety now at its very utmost pitch. After that they all went into the drawing-room, where they talked about the inheritance, and so loudly that the noise they made, and even some intelligible sentences, reached the ears of the dying man, who ordered the house to be cleared of them. Minoret-Levrault hid himself in the garden, and came back stealthily when the gate had been fastened. He passed silently up the carpeted staircase, and along the carpeted corridor, till he got close to the dying man's chamber. The priest and the physician were gone; the old Doctor was alone with his pet niece Ursule, giving her his last directions:—

"Go to the Chinese summer-house—here is the key. Lift up the marble top of the buffet, and you will find a sealed letter addressed to you. Take it, and come back to show it me, for I shall not die quietly till I see it in your hands. When I am dead, do not tell the people at once, but send for your lover, M. de Portendure; you will read the letter together. Swear to me in your name and his to execute my last wishes."

The eavesdropper listened no longer, but made his way at once to the summer-house, unscrewed the lock with his knife, lifted the marble, and got the letter. Ursule Mirouet delayed in the sick-room to see mustard-plasters properly applied. She had not quitted it more than a few seconds when a cry from the servant called her back, empty-handed, to witness the last agony. Meanwhile Minoret-Levrault shut himself up at home to examine his booty without interruption. There was a letter to Ursule, and a will. The letter gave directions where to find three *inscriptions de rente* of the total annual value of 36,000 francs, and also a sum of money in banknotes. Minoret-Levrault had not got these into his possession as yet, but, being the only living creature who knew where to find them, the temptation overcame whatever probity remained to him. There was a peculiar relish in the idea of possessing the wealth without his wife's knowledge; so, after burning the will and the letter, he went back to his uncle's house, found the co-heirs there already, occupied them on different pretexts, slipped into the library and opened the volumes where old Minoret had placed his *inscriptions* and his banknotes. Whilst in the act of subtracting these, we are told that Minoret-Levrault suffered considerable inconvenience from a strong determination of blood to the head, and also that the back of his shirt was wet with perspiration; but when the theft was accomplished he sank exhausted into an armchair in the drawing-room, and there his colossal frame gradually recovered itself. The co-heirs very soon returned, and the seals were affixed.

The situation immediately became as follows:—Ursule Mirouet, instead of having the money which her uncle intended her to have, was obliged to quit the house, and live on an exceedingly small income of her own. It was felt to be strange that there should be no will; but as none could be found, the co-heirs had to content themselves with various sums out at interest which, with the house, produced a total of about 24,000*l.* A legal friend of the old doctor, called Bongrand, had suspicions, and expressed them in the hearing of Minoret-Levrault, thereby making him uneasy in his mind. By a process of reasoning very simple for intimate friends of the deceased, Bongrand and two others concluded that there had been fraudulent abstraction. Ursule Mirouet, whom the doctor had loved like a father, was left with a pittance of less than sixty pounds a year, and everybody who had known the old man felt that this was not natural. Ursule, however, bought the doctor's library, though not before every volume had been strictly examined by the co-heirs.

Minoret-Levrault lived now in his uncle's house, opposite the little lodging to which Ursule had retired. When seated in his own mansion he could hear the faint tinkling of her piano. The nearness of his victim became insupportable to him. So long as she remained in the neighbourhood he felt an unceasing irritation, and the torment of it led him to believe that her departure would bring him rest:—

Minoret had committed the robbery without the least reflection, the occurrences had succeeded each other so rapidly; reflection came afterwards. Now if you have realized his build and physiognomy, you will understand the prodigious effect that must have been produced in it by a thought. Remorse is more than a thought; it comes from a sentiment which can no more be hidden than love, and which is tyrannical in its own way. But just as Minoret had not reflected in getting hold of Ursule's fortune, so he mechanically desired to hunt her out of Nemours when he felt himself wounded by the sight of innocence wronged. In his quality of imbecile he gave no thought to consequences, but went from peril to peril, pushed on by instinct, like a wild beast that foresees none of the devices of the hunter, and which counts on its swiftness and its strength.

He tries two ways of getting Ursule out of the country; first he has slanders circulated about her, and then, when these have missed their intended effect, he stupidly goes to her and offers her money on condition that she purchases an estate in Brittany. Much astonished at her refusal, naively surprised that any one could refuse money, he exposes himself to the keen observation of the lawyer Bongrand, who happened to be

present. Bongrand inquires *why* he offered the money. Minoret clumsily answers, "To get her out of the way, because my son Désiré is in love with her and wants to marry her." Bongrand immediately started for Fontainebleau, where Désiré happened to be, saw him in unguarded privacy, and at once ascertained that he cared nothing about Ursule, and had never given his father the least disquietude concerning her. Then the lawyer begins to torment Minoret in his own way, and the curé torments him in his way, telling him certain dreams of Ursule's, and exhorting him to make a clean breast of it. Minoret did not confess to the curé, but he confessed to his wife, and the lawyers got the secret out of her. The will having been destroyed, it was not Ursule's interest that the affair should be made public, because that would have led to litigation with the co-heirs. His legal advisers therefore simply recommended Minoret-Levrault to restore what he had taken directly to the rightful owner. He was grateful for this clemency, and gave an estate of his own to Ursule. His son Désiré was killed in a carriage accident, and his wife, whose affections were entirely concentrated on her boy, lost her reason in consequence. Left thus alone in his old age, Minoret-Levrault passed the years that remained to him in a saddened calm. His one crime had been the consequence of concentrating narrow faculties on a single anxiety, till it became as dominant as to paralyse his self-control; but when that anxiety was no longer present, the nature became healthy again. Balzac has not failed to associate the change of character in Minoret-Levrault's old age with a change of physical structure. The mild old man had lost his muscle, and the abundant blood was impoverished. There may be moral changes without any physical ones, but it is scarcely possible that there should be a great physical transformation without an effect on character.

WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE.

SIR CHARLES LYELL once remarked that every great scientific truth had to pass through three stages of popular sentiment; first, it was absurd; next, it was contrary to religion; finally, everybody knew it before. This observation appears to have afforded great encouragement to the advocates of woman's suffrage. They congratulate themselves on having at least made an excellent start. Their movement has had the good fortune to be generally pronounced absurd, and its future triumph may therefore be regarded as assured. It is impossible to imagine anything more characteristic of the body from whom it emanates than this delightful bit of reasoning. Because great truths have sometimes been stigmatized as absurd, therefore an appearance of absurdity is an infallible sign of a great truth. This novel but convenient theory is perhaps sufficient to account for the elation which appears to have been exhibited at the Woman's Suffrage meeting at Manchester on Wednesday. A proud consciousness of absurdity inspired hope and confidence. It must be admitted that the Woman's Suffrage people have fully merited their reputation, and are entitled to make the most of any comfort they can extract from it. Another source of hopefulness, as we learn from the *Woman's Suffrage Journal*, is a resolution which has just been passed by the Union Debating Society of Oxford. That important body has, by a majority of eighteen to nine, affirmed the great principle "that reason and nature demand for women the complete rights of citizenship." It has been said that a party which has youth on its side commands the future, but it is just possible that the young gentlemen of the Union may somewhat change their opinions on this and other questions before they take their seats in either House of Parliament. Some interesting information is given in the *Journal* as to the progress of the movement in Scotland. A few weeks ago a detachment of lady lecturers suddenly descended upon Tobermory and took it by storm. Another great centre of population and intelligence—"Lochgilphhead"—we have not found it on the map—was similarly overcome by female eloquence. At Oban things did not go quite so well, but this is explained, with a gush of italics, by the Secretary of the Edinburgh Society. They had eight meetings, she says, seven of which were "in every sense *very* successful, and *all* of them crowded." A great many more ladies had "come out" than had ever done so before. The one exception to this success was Oban. After resolutions were moved and seconded in favour of Mr. Jacob Bright's Bill, an amendment was proposed by a young man, the editor of the *Oban Times*. He had the presumption to make a long speech "as to what he thought"—as if he had any right to think—"was involved in giving the suffrage to women." It was not to be expected that the Woman's Suffrage people would submit to this. We are not surprised to learn that they hissed and tried to put down the speaker, and when they found he was not to be put down, they went away in disgust. "His own followers remained, so when the vote was taken he had the majority."

At the Manchester meeting Mr. Jacob Bright contended that the object of the Woman's Suffrage Society was "moderate and reasonable." Whether or not it is reasonable, its moderation may be measured by Mr. Jacob Bright's own admission in the House of Commons, that the object of the movement was simply to effect a radical transfer of the political power of the State, in order that women might be enabled to change the whole course of legislation on a number of important subjects, and to compel men to do things which men at present refused to do. To most people

a revolution of this kind will appear to be equally unreasonable and immoderate. It is not perhaps surprising that Mr. Bright and his friends should fail to see the absurdity—if they do see it, no doubt they glory in it—of asking Parliament to give votes to women now, in order that it may itself be coerced hereafter into passing laws which it regards as unnecessary or injurious. If Parliament approves the sort of legislation which the Woman's Suffrage people avowedly have in view, the simplest and most natural course would be to legislate in that sense at once. On the other hand, if Parliament does not approve this legislation, it is obviously a strange request that it should voluntarily put itself in a position in which it would be compelled to pass measures to which it strongly objects. Mr. Bright observed, very truly, that in dealing with new questions they would soon fall into confusion, and possibly into inextricable error, unless they tested them by the light of long-established principles. It is refreshing to come across a bit of sound common sense in the mouth of such a speaker, but unfortunately it does not seem to have had any influence on the course of his argument. It need hardly be said that if long-established principles are good for anything, they are a conclusive refutation of the proposal to transfer political power from men to women. It is only by means of newfangled principles of their own manufacture, got up to suit the exigencies of the occasion, that the advocates of woman's suffrage can hope to justify their startling demand. It is an historical fact which Mr. Bright will probably not venture to dispute that, down to the present time, political authority has invariably been exercised by men alone. When it is suggested that we should depart from old-established principles, and make a revolution in the distribution of power, it is natural to ask what are the objects for which this change is required; and Mr. Jacob Bright's very frank and candid answer to this question supplies the strongest argument in favour of leaving things as they are. What Mr. Bright has to do is to convince the community that the legislation he desires is just and reasonable, and when he has succeeded in doing this, it will be unnecessary to make any change in the franchise, for Parliament will at once pass the Bills in question.

Mr. Jacob Bright is good enough to say that he believes his countrymen have as keen a sense of justice as any people in the world, and that when a just demand is made upon them, it is always granted. It is difficult, therefore, to understand why he and his friends should think it needful to beat about the bush so much. They had better drop woman's suffrage, and devote themselves to the advocacy of the measures for the passing of which woman's suffrage is desired. The new suffrage is only a means, not an end, and it would be simpler to aim directly at the end itself. Mr. Bright thinks the opponents of woman's suffrage are not very strong in argument—a remark which we should have been disposed to apply to the advocates of that crotchet. One of his observations sufficiently illustrates his own state of mind. He regrets that he should receive so little support from members of his own party, and he explains that this is because they are afraid woman's suffrage will not operate in favour of the party. He has himself no idea on which side the advantage would be, but that "it would benefit the nation at large he has the most unshaken conviction." In other words, Mr. Jacob Bright regards it as altogether immaterial whether the country is governed on Radical principles, which he periodically assures his constituents are the only salvation of the country, or on Conservative principles, which, on the same occasions, he is in the habit of denouncing as full of corruption and every kind of evil. Mr. Bright would perhaps have the matter brought home to him if he were to be informed that it was a matter of complete indifference whether he retained his seat in the House of Commons or was supplanted by a Conservative. If Mr. Bright has faith in his own professions, he must surely admit, on reflection, that the welfare of the country depends a good deal on the sort of principles on which it is governed. As an encouragement to give women votes, the *Journal* of the Society publishes a long poem on "Historic Women." The writer, herself a woman, appears to be especially charmed by the daring assassinations performed by her sex, and goes through the list with much relish from Jael to Charlotte Corday:—

Their words had priestess power,
And their deeds, tho' red with crimson cruelties,
Had yet the deep significance of justice.

We are assured that other women, quite as great as the heroines of old, "still breathe the common air"; but it may be doubted whether the spirit of Jael is exactly what is wanted to give the right tone to modern legislation. We are told that we have only to look around us to discover

Some sweet Sappho, with her passionate lute
Waking the inner music of the heart.

Nor is there, it seems, in society any lack of those who

Recall the glory of the Greek
Who ruled with the Olympian Pericles.

It might perhaps be as well to specify the sort of measures which Sappho and Aspasia would be likely to conduct with advantage through the House of Commons. One of the most pithy arguments in support of woman's suffrage is contained in a summary of the speech of a male lecturer at Macclesfield, which is given in the *Journal*. "He spoke in general terms," we are told, "of the managing ability of women, and alluded to Queen Elizabeth." He also "eulogized the capacity of the fair sex for their knowledge of the fitness of things." The question is, whether women who really understand the fitness of things would not prefer to

exercise their managing ability in their own houses. The most conspicuous and painful feature in the speeches in favour of the interference of women in political affairs is the contempt which is invariably shown for the important duties of what has hitherto been regarded as their natural sphere. Happily neither Jael nor Aspasia has as yet become the ideal of English womanhood.

THE CITY LIBRARY.

AN "institution" which has been "inaugurated under the auspices" of the Lord Chancellor may possibly contribute to the advancement of useful learning as well as to the employment of big words and the glorification of civic dignitaries. The opening of the City Library at Guildhall is an interesting event, although it has given occasion for a South Kensingtonian performance. It surely must have been in emulation of the exploits of the illustrious Cole C.B. that the chairman of the Library Committee undertook to write an introduction to the catalogue. The style is exactly that which has become painfully familiar to us in the dissertations on things in general which are prefixed to the catalogues of the International Exhibition. The author of the "Introduction" says that he undertook to write it "at the special request of his colleagues," who, let us hope, undertook at the same time to read it. "A faint outline" of the progress of the English language from the Conquest to the eighteenth century appears to us needless for any purpose except that of providing openings for fine writing. "The great discovery which has enfranchised the human mind, and given to man the full opportunity for developing all his latent powers, is at the present moment fulfilling its mission." The great discovery is printing, and among the men to whom it has given the full opportunity of developing their latent powers must be reckoned the author of the "Introduction." The great discovery is "fulfilling its mission" alike at South Kensington and Guildhall. But the catalogue of the City Library is of size and weight far surpassing any production of Cole C.B., who at least understands how to adapt his work to the end he has in view. As the catalogue cannot be carried in the hand, it was perhaps intended to signify that the Library is not intended to be read. But a big book is suitably prefaced by a collection of long words. The Library has been "inaugurated" by Lord Selborne, and the Protestant Reformation was "inaugurated" by Henry VIII. Dropping for a moment from the sesquipedalian to the familiar style, the author states that the Reformation "appears to the front" under that King. "Of the motives of the King, and the uses he made of the power he assumed, and the property he confiscated, it is no part of the present design to speak." Thank Heaven at any rate for that. "A faint outline" of the Reformation would have been inexpressibly afflicting. The author thinks it was unpardonable to omit some things, but we can assure him that his offence will be easily forgiven.

The Introduction is suitable to the book, which is encumbered by descriptive passages apparently designed for bringing in certain names as frequently as possible. "The idea of displaying the heraldic bearings of those Companies whose arms are not set up in Guildhall" is not particularly abstruse, but by all means let the London and Middlesex Archaeological Society have the credit of it. Their suggestion to the Companies to contribute this valuable addition to the ornamental glazing met with a ready response, as we should expect. The Committee appointed by the Society to effect this object consisted of, &c. It received the cordial co-operation of the New Library and Museum Committee, presided over by, &c. A tablet commemorates the laying of the first stone of the Library, and another tablet commemorates its completion; and both these tablets display certain names. All this is in a style dear to the parochial and civic mind. Indeed it recalls that form of inscription, "This Church was repaired and beautified," &c., which was so much in favour with churchwardens fifty years ago. Egotism, having been driven out of church, takes refuge in libraries and museums. If the idea of displaying the heraldic bearings of Tomkins had been discussed, we do not doubt that this suggestion to contribute a valuable addition to the ornamental glazing would meet with a ready response from Tomkins. Indeed we think that in this institution the Tomkins element contends with the literary element on almost equal terms. Besides the mutual laudation of the Catalogue there are complimentary reports in the newspapers. The Lord Mayor and the President of the Library Committee made speeches to the Lord Chancellor, and he made a speech to them. It would have contributed to the splendour of the effect if he had brought the Great Seal with him for exhibition. "We have heard," says Lord Selborne, "of the illustrious Whittington," and he might have added that we have heard of his illustrious cat. Whittington, it seems, founded a library, of which this is to be considered as a restoration. A long array of benefactors of learning entrusted the administration of their wealth to the City Companies, and the Lord Chancellor might have remembered that his predecessors had had some trouble in seeing this wealth properly administered.

Besides the opportunity of seeing and hearing the Lord Chancellor, the usual enjoyments or miseries of a *conversazione* were bountifully supplied. The collections of engravings were extensive, and proved highly interesting when it became conveniently practicable to examine them. The exhibition of microscopes and photographs on such occasions may be easily abused, so as to become a disguised method of advertising; and after the audacious

experiments of South Kensington, one jealously watches against any attempt of a similar kind. We do not suggest that there was any at the Guildhall, and certainly, if there were, it must have been managed very clumsily, as the unwieldy catalogue was enough to deter visitors from critical examination. It is possible to be too bookish, even in a library, and the omission of illustrative quotations would have gone some way towards reducing the bulk of the catalogue. Thus, for example, we have happened to hear of Sir Walter Raleigh, and have even read enough about him to desire to see his engraved portrait, and to care little for the assistance of a character of him by an unknown hand. Again, there is a sketch of the life and character of Louis XIV. of France, which occupies more than half a page. It supplies the information that he acquired Alsace and Lorraine for France. At this rate where are we to stop? The portrait of Rembrandt has appended to it more than a page of extract from Fuseli. Many of these extracts are interesting—as, for instance, that which tells us that Sir William Waller, General of the Parliamentary Army, defined the difference between a monarchy and a republic to be that, under the former, complaining of slavery, the people lived like freemen, and under the latter, talking of freedom, they lived like slaves. Still, it must be remembered that there were only three hours to see the Lord Chancellor, look at the engravings, read the catalogue, talk to one's friends, and eat ices. To do anything like justice to such a catalogue, one ought to have an attendant to carry and read it, and an entire day to devote to the collection. Lord Chatham's portrait is furnished with an extract from Macaulay's essay, and also with a few anonymous remarks. The annotator who could place his own work beside Macaulay's will certainly not long remain in the obscurity which he now affects. Such a man must be born to succeed in life. The brief biography, which is given in large type, of the Duke of Wellington, is surely superfluous, and the appended extracts must be intended to display the compiler's learning. But perhaps the most complete thing in the book is the history of the life and progress of Lady Hamilton. Indeed it is, to our mind, very much too complete, for it is bad enough to be reminded of this lady's connexion with Nelson, without having her earlier amours, which form a sort of female rake's progress, dragged under our notice. She died middle-aged and poor, and here perhaps we are to draw a moral from the tale; but it is obvious that, with her charms and accomplishments, she must have managed very badly to escape wealth.

It was satisfactory to know that this exhibition would remain open for several successive days. We should have regretted to see so much labour expended for the amusement of a single evening. The collections well deserve a visit for themselves, without the distraction of assisting at an inauguration or struggling to obtain a view of a celebrity. There is one portion of the collection which is certain to attract crowds of visitors. The criminal history of London is fully represented in a succession of broadsheets which are displayed on screens. "View of Titus Oates in the Pillory." We have now reached another division of the catalogue which seems happily to have escaped the diligence of any learned editor. It would have been easy to compile a page of annotation upon Oates, but perhaps it is felt that this part of the exhibition tells its own tale. It is easier to read the broadsheet than any descriptive matter in the catalogue, and possibly more interesting. The successive frost-fairs on the Thames from 1683 to 1814 are represented according to the best ability of generations to which Special Correspondents and illustrated periodicals were unknown. The demand arose, and the supply met it; and certainly the old system had the advantage that what were in effect newspapers only appeared when they had something to tell their readers. Thus we find a view of the "Sailors' Cavalcade" conducting to the Tower thirty-two wagons loaded with treasure, taken by Commodore Anson from the Spaniards in 1744. If the "Sailors' Cavalcade" really endeavoured to ride on horseback, we should think that a few active thieves might have dipped their fingers pretty freely into the treasure. If any event so gratifying to the national pride and pocket could happen now, the newspapers would write innumerable columns of description. Here is a print with a curious title, "Christopher Atkinson, Esq., in the pillory, for fraudulently dealing in grain." We do not know whether the comment, "a rogue in grain," belongs to the old print or to the modern editor of the catalogue. If it belongs to the latter, we believe that it is the first attempt at a joke that he has made. There is a print of the execution of a fraudulent bankrupt, which may serve to contrast the severity of our fathers with our own tenderness towards commercial immorality. There is another in the same style called "Neck or Nothing," or the execution of the promoters of the South Sea Bubble. Only think how we have become civilized since that day!

There is one subject of not altogether trifling importance in connexion with this Library, on which hardly anybody says one word—we mean the books. They amount at present to upwards of 40,000 volumes; and if a judicious system of recording benefactions be adopted, the number will doubtless rapidly augment. We are not among the persons mentioned by the Lord Chancellor who require to be convinced that there is no incompatibility between literature and commerce. This Library will doubtless be in many ways valuable; and it may possibly help to correct the somewhat turgid style which has been adopted in connexion with its "inauguration."

A NEW FORM OF RITUALISM.

THERE has been so much said lately about Ritualistic and sensational services that the subject may seem to be almost worn threadbare. It has long been generally assumed that the last new thing in Ritualism was to be found in Mr. Purchas's chapel at Brighton, and frequent and fervent have been the hopes and fears, the congratulations and regrets, expressed in different quarters during the last fortnight at the imminent collapse of the magnificent "functions" which the Privy Council has hitherto proved impotent to suppress, through the death of the condemned, but still irrepressible, hierophant. It is curious that the very papers which contained the terrible announcement that the Vicar of Brighton had taken formal possession of St. James's Chapel, and ordered the removal of crucifix, candles, and other forbidden decorations of the altar and chancel, should have also recorded what we trust may be received as a crumb of comfort by the afflicted lovers of ceremonial eccentricity. Mr. Purchas is not the only clerk who has been condemned during the last few years by the supreme appellate tribunal of the Church of England. And although his brother in misfortune might be thought to have very little in common with him, beyond the fact of being sentenced by the same Court, there really does appear to have been a sort of occult sympathy between them. At all events Mr. Voysey has nobly stepped into the place vacated by Mr. Purchas, and must, to judge from the reports which appeared next day, have created as great a sensation at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, last Sunday as ever was achieved by the most successfully "rendered" high mass at St. James's Chapel, Brighton. It may be in our readers' recollection that Mr. Voysey was formerly rector of Healaugh, in Yorkshire, where he continued for several years to preach and publish a series of sermons to which we have before now called attention in these columns, and which must certainly have had the rare merit of outraging in about equal degrees the orthodox and the intellectual susceptibilities of his auditors, if indeed they made any impression at all on the presumably somnolent faculties of the rustic mind. If we recollect rightly, the *pièce de résistance* was a marvellous arithmetical puzzle, repeated on two successive Easter Sundays, designed to prove the physical impossibility of the resurrection of the body, from a minute comparison of the area necessary for accommodating the risen bodies of our defunct forefathers with the number of square miles covered by the surface of the globe, land and water included. To most persons it had long appeared plain that the meaning of Mr. Voysey's weekly homilies, so far as any meaning could be extracted from them, was at variance not only with the doctrines of the English Prayer-Book, but with the most elementary principles of Christian revelation; and this opinion was eventually confirmed by the decision of the Judicial Committee. Mr. Voysey, who up to that time had persistently maintained his full right to repeat the creeds and use the services of the Prayer-Book, to which he attached a spiritual, but, as he maintained, perfectly legitimate, significance, was accordingly deprived of his living. But after a very short interval he reappeared on the scene, not indeed to enlighten the rustics of Yorkshire—who, we may hope, have found a more trustworthy, if not a more original, guide—but to astonish the metropolis with his performances at St. George's Hall.

The selection of locality must in fairness be pronounced a happy one. The platform, we were going to say the stage, of St. George's Hall, with its scenery in the background and its footlights in front, is exactly adapted to the highly æsthetic form of devotional entertainment which the ex-rector of Healaugh has provided for his admiring disciples. The Prayer-Book, however capable of a sublime and spiritual interpretation, has, we need hardly say, been quietly shelved when there was no longer any statute or tribunal to enforce its use. But a revised liturgy has been drawn up which bears somewhat the same relation to the Anglican as the revised Creed and Decalogue which have been ingeniously suggested, with the negatives transposed, would bear to the original. The First and Second Lessons, for instance, are taken respectively from works of ancient and modern literature, and in the prayers, as in Bishop Colenso's hymns, the name of Christ is universally conspicuous by its absence. The service is said to be effective, and as a subscription has been set on foot to build Mr. Voysey a permanent chapel, we may assume that he has not yet exhausted his auditors' Athenian passion for learning something which is new, if not true. Neither indeed is his capacity of supplying fresh provender for their appetite for novelty exhausted yet. The most elaborate of modern European cults, being constructed by a seceder from Roman Catholicism, includes a substitute for each of the Seven Sacraments of the Catholic Church, with the addition of two more. Mr. Voysey may probably regard two only as necessary for the salvation of his new communion, but those two he evidently thinks it desirable to provide. What may have taken, or may be about to take, the place of "the ancient ceremony of the Eucharist" we do not know, and, to say the truth, we feel a little squeamish about too curiously inquiring. But a full description is given in the papers of Monday last of the first performance of "the service of the dedication and benediction of children, being a substitute for the ancient ceremony of baptism." Old-fashioned and superstitious persons would of course be disposed to raise a preliminary question as to why any substitute should be required in the nineteenth century for the "ancient ceremony" established by the Founder of the Christian Church in the first. We need hardly say that so impertinent and shallow a criticism

betrays a deplorable absence of that higher spiritual insight which, while recognizing the services of Christ to humanity in other days, is also able to understand that humanity has long since passed beyond the narrow circle of His teaching. But we are concerned at present with Mr. Voysey's new sacrament, not with the reasons for its institution. And it really appears in a liturgical point of view to do credit to the ingenuity, if not strictly to the originality, of his powers of composition. But our readers shall judge for themselves.

The announcement of the approaching function had drawn, we are told, an unusually large congregation to St. George's Hall, where the ordinary service proceeded, with its hymns and prayers, to the close of "the Second Lesson"—from what modern author the lesson was selected is not stated. At this point Mr. Voysey "descended from the platform or stage," and took his place in front of the parents of the child, "a highly respectable young couple," who "paid the utmost attention to their devotions"; the child, "a fine male infant"—in other words, a boy—"some months old," was held by a friend, godfathers and godmothers being dispensed with in the revised ritual. On taking his stand in front of the parents, Mr. Voysey began reading the opening exhortation in the "Order of Service for the Dedication and Benediction of Children," composed by himself. The exhortation declares the desire of the parents to give thanks for the safe birth of their child—the Voyseyan rite does not apparently include a separate Churching Service—to present him in "the congregation of those who love the Lord and trust Him," and to pray "that he may grow up in health of mind, body, and estate, and be a blessing to his family, his country, and the world at large"; and then is added, as a general explanation of the ceremony, "By this our solemn service we would, as it were, dedicate and consecrate this infant's soul and body to the service of God." Then followed prayers, responses from the choir, and hymns; and so we are brought to the actual substitute for "the ancient ceremony"; for it must not be imagined that any water, whether in the way of immersion, affusion, or aspersion, was applied to the "dedicated" infant. Mr. Voysey asked the child's name of the father, after which the rubric prescribes that "the minister shall take the child in his arms, and say certain words in the name of the congregation"—the words being a sort of paraphrase, or parody, of those ordered in the Prayer-Book to be said while the infant is crossed on the forehead, the crossing being of course omitted. Of "the world, the flesh, and the devil" there is no mention, but the minister prays that the child may be made "a brave soldier of truth and of every righteous cause," to which the congregation responded "Amen," while the baby "cried very loudly." That is the "dedication"; and the "benediction," or "welcome," addressed to the infant, immediately followed. Mr. Voysey addressed the newly baptized—we mean the unbaptized—infant by his name, saying, "We give thee welcome in the name of the Lord. The Lord bless thee and keep thee, the Lord mercifully encompass thy life with joy and peace. The eyes of the Lord be ever upon thee to give thee courage under temptation, and to cheer thy heart in the day of sorrow." After this the child was restored to its parents, and the ceremony concluded by the singing of the *Gloria in Excelsis*, followed by a hymn of praise from the revised Prayer-Book. And then the services of the day, which had been interrupted after the Second Lesson, were proceeded with.

It is not wonderful perhaps that a large congregation should have flocked to St. George's Hall to witness this remarkable performance, which was certainly a bolder, though hardly a more picturesque, innovation on Anglican usages than anything yet essayed by the most enterprising of Ritualistic celebrities. At the same time, taking the only standard by which the spectators can have been expected to test it, we are inclined on the whole to pronounce the new "Order of Service" a failure. With theological considerations we do not meddle here, but we might just observe in passing, that, if there is any authority at all for the blessing and dedication of infants, the only choice would seem to lie between baptism and circumcision. The latter is the more ancient, and in one sense the more universal, not being confined to any single form of belief; but there are no doubt some obvious objections to adopting it. Baptism, though it was once in use among the Jews, has become too completely identified with Christianity not to share the discredit of an obsolete and mischievous superstition. And a new religion, like M. Comte's and Mr. Voysey's, naturally requires new sacraments. Still there is something a little meagre and disappointing to ordinary apprehension in *Hamlet* performed without the Prince of Denmark, and a studiously minute reproduction of the baptismal service—"revised," it is true—with the ceremony of baptism omitted, does not strike us as altogether impressive. It is satisfactory to learn that in this case the parents of the unchristened infant behaved with edifying devoutness; yet one is tempted to surmise that parents who have risen to a due appreciation of the uselessness of "the ancient ceremony of baptism" may not improbably come to think lightly of the benefits of the new substitute of dedication and benediction. And allowing, for argument's sake, that both are but outward forms, there is still a natural prejudice in favour of the form which can plead a venerable antiquity, and is believed by those who administer it to be the symbol and vehicle of some inward gift.

THE LICENSING ACT AND THE THEATRES.

THE difficulties of working the Licensing Act are great, but perhaps, if the law is not suited to our habits, we can suit our habits to the law. If Colonel Henderson cannot arrange for the supply of supper to persons employed at theatres at night, perhaps the theatres could open in the day, or perhaps, in recognition of the pious efforts of this country to suppress drunkenness, it might please Providence to ordain that, within the British isles, there should no longer be any night at all. It is really almost ludicrous to observe the complication which has arisen in administering this law. A theatrical manager published some statistics showing the number of persons who are occupied until about half-past 11 P.M. in the business by which they gain their livelihood. These persons either require, or suppose themselves to require, refreshment after their work is done. A few houses have been allowed to remain open after midnight to supply them, and these houses attract business from the many houses which have not this privilege. A person who wishes, as some unfortunately do, to continue to enjoy the comfort or pernicious luxury of a public-house to the latest possible moment goes by preference to one which does not close till 1 A.M. And thus other houses lose their custom. Complaint is made to Colonel Henderson, and he asks whether the theatres could not close a little earlier. Some of the fanatical promoters of restraint would perhaps ask whether the theatres could not close altogether. The case of the persons employed in theatres has been chiefly dwelt upon, but there are also the spectators to be considered; and besides, there are some other classes whose case has been perhaps inadequately discussed. There is, for instance, the author's friend who may be exhausted with his exertions in producing a triumphant success on a first night. Such exertions tend specially to produce thirst, and they may be protracted by delays inseparable from a first performance, as well as by contests which may precede, and perhaps sometimes render doubtful, the final victory which is to be announced in next day's papers. Then, after the curtain falls, the author must be called in front of it and applauded; and thus the last precious minutes during which it is possible to obtain beer are sacrificed at the call of friendly duty. When all is over there is a rush to the nearest public-house, and the bar becomes inconveniently crowded. Neither the publican nor the police can be expected to distinguish *bonâ fide* scene-shifters, or critics, or author's friends, or frequenters of theatres, from persons who have not been inside a theatre but entertain a lamentable desire to drink whenever opportunity presents itself. The suggestion that the theatres should close a little earlier amounts to this—that that portion of society which managers most desire to attract ought, in the interest of public morality, to order dinner half-an-hour sooner than it usually does when it goes to the play. There is not, we suppose, any great difference to health or morality whether drink be taken at half-past eleven or twelve, but it seems to be desired that the population of London should be reduced to the condition of a well-ordered school, where all the boys are, or are supposed to be, in bed before a certain hour. But the sweetness of "stolen moments" has become proverbial, and schoolboys, as we all know, delight to read a surreptitious book by the light of a contraband candle after the regular reign of darkness and repose has commenced. Among the adult population of London are many who have this taste of schoolboys. They like when they go to a theatre to feel that they are doing something different from the ordinary tenor of their lives, nor do they regard as absolutely unimportant the opportunity of obtaining supper at a tavern as a wind-up to the evening's entertainment. These abnormal people are inconvenient to the good pedagogue, Colonel Henderson. They disturb the symmetry of his arrangements, and he desires to know whether they could not enjoy themselves equally before midnight.

The deputation of publicans proposed to Colonel Henderson that either the indulgence granted to a few houses should be extended to all, or that all should be placed equally under restriction. This special instance illustrates the general difficulty which will arise in working any law of the same nature. If it be ordained that there shall only be one public-house in a village which formerly contained two, that one will do all the trade which used to be divided. There are only a few drinking-shops now allowed after midnight, and therefore all the inveterate toppers in London gravitate towards them. It has been the unpleasant duty of Colonel Henderson to transfer business from many public-houses to a favoured few, and the sufferers by this proceeding are indignant, not with him, but with the law which imposes on him such a difficult and invidious task. He was bound to do something, and he says that he did as little as possible by granting only a few exemptions, or, in other words, by concentrating an advantage in few hands. Our compassion for Colonel Henderson's perplexity is enhanced by the consideration that his only resource lies in consulting Mr. Bruce. He promised to submit the question whether more licences should be granted or the present licences withdrawn, and it appears likely that Mr. Bruce's enjoyment of the Parliamentary recess will be disturbed by an imperative necessity of making up his mind. The publicans do not, as we understand, object to a uniform rule of closing at twelve o'clock, and on the whole they appear pretty comfortable under the present result of measures directed towards their annihilation. They perhaps feel satisfied to leave agitation against the Act to their customers. In the long run it will be found that ordinary people will take their regular daily allowance of drink, and the seller will obtain his profit on it. We doubt whether social habits

can be so arranged as to enable the theatres to close half-an-hour earlier than they do, and we further doubt whether the public would be satisfied without drink after the play. But if Colonel Henderson is ready to try the experiment of rearranging our lives, let him by all means do so. A change is probably impracticable, but could hardly be mischievous.

It is difficult to judge whether the operation of the Act has thus far produced much dissatisfaction. We are tolerably familiar with the "magnificent demonstrations" of teetotalers and Bands of Hope, as described to us by enthusiastic partisans, and we are therefore prepared to receive with equal allowance reports of manifestations of popular feeling on the other side. We should think it prudent to suspend judgment at least until Parliament meets, when members will inevitably exhibit themselves as an index of the feeling of their constituents. A disturbance of some gravity appears to have occurred at Hull, and as some of the proceedings were directed against one of the representatives of that place, or his family, he will doubtless have both the opportunity and desire to ascertain what the feeling of the working class of Hull really is upon this question. The singing of "Rule Britannia" by a large number of persons is a tolerably harmless method of agitation, and it affords the partisans of early closing the opportunity of retorting that Britannia should learn to rule herself, and then restriction would be unnecessary. Afterwards, stones and blows were interchanged between townsmen and the police. It will of course be imputed to the publicans that they organized these proceedings, and if they did they acted unwisely. The general wants of the community are certain to discover themselves, and to insist on being satisfied, and the publicans had better await, and not attempt to lead, demonstrations of popular feeling. There is an air of unreality in much of the agitation for restriction, which suggests a doubt whether it can be ultimately successful. The working-man who implores Parliament to protect him from himself is even more difficult for the mind to conceive than those Conservative working-men of whom credible witnesses assert that they have discovered specimens. We lately indicated the writings of Cobbett as a corrective of the disease of flabbiness of moral fibre, under which the working-man of the present day seems to labour. But unfortunately Cobbett, while enforcing on working-men their duty as husbands and fathers, exhorts them at the same time to forswear thin potatoes, and addict themselves to good sound beer. It is remarkable that Colonel Henderson states that he has been informed that the receipts of publicans have not been much affected by the Act. If publicans can make the same income by fewer hours of work than before, they are not likely to be irreconcilably dissatisfied. It is after all a question for the public. We may remember with some regret the scenes which Thackeray delighted to draw of "back-kitchens" and other resorts of midnight revelry. But we must admit that Mr. Frederick Bayham and Captain Costigan alike found admission to these jovial scenes, and the one abused, while the other only somewhat freely used, the advantages which they afforded. All this kind of thing seems likely to become as much a matter of the past as the mail-coach travelling on which Dickens so fondly dwelt. There is, as regards theatrical audiences, a great change as compared with thirty years ago. People now come from a distance and hurry out of the theatre to catch a train or omnibus, so that there really is not the same demand for houses of refreshment in the neighbourhood as there might have been. It appears that if there is a public-house open in a neighbourhood an hour later than others, people who require beer for home consumption will send to the house which is open latest, and thus the other houses lose their trade. The publicans say, therefore, let all be closed at the same hour, and if the public do not complain, we will accept the regulation. There has been some talk of publicans, like every other class, contemplating a strike, but they will hardly go that length. They will find it their true policy to supply the public demand, and to trust to human nature for the preservation of their trade.

HORRORS OF THE SEA.

MANY of our worst abuses are tolerated simply because so many of us are indifferent or unsympathetic. We are easily moved to indignation when we have to listen to a tale of outrage; we are sincerely grieved that there should be so much woe in the world. But the more a disagreeable subject moves us, the more eager we are to dismiss it from our thoughts. We express ourselves in language that does honour to our heads and our hearts, and strive to silence our awakened feelings with platitudes. Suffering is the common doom of humanity and the appointed penalty of sin; things are generally painted blacker than they need be; and, after all, it is not our particular business to interfere. Habit has made it easy enough to stifle our sympathies in most cases, and we are content to leave the redress of grievances to people who may chance to feel them more keenly than ourselves. Those who cannot be satisfied without translating feeling into action are generally so few that the complacent optimism of official routine can afford to disregard their remonstrances. Earnestness is damped at last by discouragement, or the pertinacious enthusiast comes to be disregarded as a troublesome monomaniac who is fortunately impotent. Thus sufferers who cannot help themselves are very likely to go on being pushed to the wall, until some chosen de-

liver comes to their rescue, or some happy accident brings them relief. Occasionally, however, there are exceptions; and we should hope that among them will be found those unlucky Canadian emigrants whose causes of complaint have lately been conspicuously advertised.

We are very sure that theirs is a case which ought to be in a fair way to get redress, if appeals to fellow-feeling have any power to stir public sympathy. Who is there among us who has not had his own melancholy experience of the horrors of the sea? That silver streak which is the blessing of the nation and its best defence is the perpetual bane of individual Englishmen. Comparatively speaking, the distance from England to France is but a stone's throw; we can conceive the projectile from some monster gun of the future carrying comfortably across the Channel. The passage from Dover to Calais is a mere trifle of an hour and a half or so, and when bad quarters of an hour are so very common in this chequered existence of ours, it would seem that trouble of such brief duration was hardly worth mentioning. Yet our instincts refuse their assent to this rational line of argument, and the vivid memories of what we have gone through are altogether too strong for it. We embark at Dover with everything in our favour, except indeed the ugly chopping sea, and the circumstance that our steamer is built for speed rather than comfort. We have trained as well as might be on short notice for the physical disturbances of the voyage. Our latest meal has been regulated by the strictest rules of prudence; we have carefully eschewed made dishes, sweets, and dessert; our simple fare has mainly consisted of a substantial beefsteak, and in quantity as in quality we have observed a wise moderation. We are victualled for the voyage, and need not look forward to struggles with the reluctant stomach when it shrinks from doing its duty under difficulties. We go on board warm and warmly clad, and even if an hour and a half should cool the extremities, the chill should hardly extend to the diaphragm. Above all, we have hope to inspire us. Bad as things may be, worse as they may become, the weakest faith must retain its convictions in the immediate vicinity of a harbour and snug hotels, and we know that time will put a speedy period to our sorrows. Yet, with so much in our favour, things are sometimes infinitely wretched. The Calais steamer is small, and the passengers are many. In a choice of discomforts you decide for the deck, prizing the open air above all other considerations. Of air of one kind or another there is enough and to spare. Although the smoke was being swept down wind in a very sinister fashion as it flew out of the Dover chimneys, although the flags were streaming from the masts in the port with ominous rigidity, you had no conception how hard it was blowing until you left the shelter of the Admiralty Pier. The thick rain is driving about you in blinding, drenching floods as the vessel jerks herself over the bar of the harbour. The wind plucks at you malignantly from all directions; the strongest umbrella that ever won the medal at a Universal Exhibition would never weather a gale like that; it is in vain you attempt to make all snug with your wrappings; your hands find ample employment in reclaiming the wideawake which is drifting on the lanyard, secured to your button-hole, and you quickly perceive that the rain is permeating everywhere, while it penetrates in jets where leaks are sprung in the joinings of your clothing. To make matters worse, you have been compelled to seat yourself on the weather side of the steamer, and the crests of the cross-seas come curling over you in clouds of spray. You are seated on a sloppy bench, while your feet are soaking in the sheets of water that go surging about the heaving deck. Meanwhile the heaving, the shaking, and the shivering have been doing their work, and your attention is forcibly diverted from the elements without to more intimate sensations within. In plain English, you are growing horribly sea-sick, and of all sickness sea-sickness is the most sickening. Yet, selfish as it makes one, for very shame you could scarcely complain, even could you find any one to listen to you. There are others far less fitted to suffer, whether by constitution or costume, who are evidently much more miserable than you. Ladies used to every luxury are lying strewn about the decks in sheer collapse with their garments soaking in the water. We have sketched only the brighter aspects of that miserable voyage, and shall cast but a single glance at the more appalling scenes below. Those who have elected for the cabin are dry no doubt, but that is all they have gained by confining themselves in that fetid pandemonium. The ghastly company that crawls up the dripping gangways at Calais would be invaluable to the most imaginative artist who, priding himself on his conceptions of the horrible, had undertaken to illustrate the horrors of Dante's *Inferno*. An analysis of their feelings individually and in the aggregate might sadden a Fakir who had been purifying his humanity by a life of self-torture. No wonder that those who have undergone such things should be exceedingly sorry for themselves; no wonder that they congratulate themselves that at last there seems some prospect of inventors and joint-stock enterprise bringing alleviation to their miseries.

If we feel so profoundly for ourselves, should we not have some slight feeling for the similar sorrows of our fellow-creatures—sorrows similar in kind, and infinitely worse in degree? We had first-class places, and were barely a couple of hours at sea. With recollections freshened by recalling our experiences, we may in some measure realize the lot of steerage passengers in American emigrant steamers, even making what allowance we will for their ruder antecedents or less refined susceptibilities.

We do not forget that poverty has its inevitable inconveniences, nor do we expect that poor people will ever find the crossing the Atlantic a voyage of pleasure. But it is one thing to resign yourself to the discomforts inseparable from your condition, and another to have them needlessly and culpably aggravated. We are content to accept the assurances of certain ship-owners that they do for their passengers the utmost that they can afford in the circumstances, for it does not in any way affect the drift of our argument. The fact is unfortunately indisputable that too many of the steamers are miserable almost beyond conception. The apparently unbiassed testimony that has appeared lately in the newspapers carries only too obviously the mark of veracity, confirming complaints which we have often heard before; and even if the testimony appeared less trustworthy than it does, all antecedent probabilities would conspire to confirm it. Some of the leading shipowners may perhaps consider their characters before their profits; but excessive competition, low charges, and the absence of effective inspection will infallibly tempt others to risk the doubtful chances of scandal and exposure. And if the letters to the *Times* and other journals tell anything like the truth, it is high time that the Government instituted a searching inquiry. Honest and liberal firms would come out of it with enhanced credit, while it might be hoped that the result would be an effectual system of supervision and control for the future. We suspect that emigrants to America are in a singularly unfortunate position, slipping down, as it were, between two stools. The voyage is so soon over that in their case the precautions which are considered imperative in regard to emigrant traffic to the Antipodes would seem excessive and superfluous; and yet to the emigrants themselves it must appear interminable. We are not aware, for example, that any of the Canadian steamers carry Government surgeons; yet the presence of a Government surgeon, with ample authority and a position practically independent of the ship's officers, would be the best security against the abuses of which we read. As it is, from the moment the vessel is cast loose from her moorings, the passenger can only submit to anything he may have to suffer. There is no one to listen to his remonstrances, and, like the bullock that turns restive when he is lowered into the hold, the more he resists the worse it is for him. It is only a few days' passage, it is true—at least under favourable conditions of wind and weather—but those few days may well seem interminable to the victim who looks forward to the ordeal before him. It is not only the intense bodily wretchedness of himself and of those belonging to him, although that is hard enough to bear. Nor is it even that unaccustomed and unexpected hardships may permanently injure the health which is his capital, or cost him the lives of those who are dearest to him. He has brought his family with him, and he sees ladies and young girls exposed hourly to influences which must contaminate them, let their principles be what they may. We know the old story of the torture-chamber where the prisoner as he lay chained to his dungeon floor watched the roof descend upon him inch by inch. He had ample time to realize that he was doomed to destruction; yet, with every fibre in his frame throbbing, he could not stir a finger to avert his fate. So with the parent who has committed himself with his daughters to the horrors of one of these American voyages—*facilis decemus Avern, nulla vestigia retrorsum*. He sees his children slipping swiftly down the incline, and there is no backing out at any sacrifice. The ship is crowded forward, and every available foot of space is economized. There may be a kind of illusory privacy for married couples, but the rest are pretty much huddled promiscuously together. Often, we are assured, the seamen have the run of the passenger accommodation, and the way in which they use their opportunities may be imagined. In any case, there can be no refuge for modesty. Brutal language and foul jests sound through flimsy partitions, and before the passage is over, virtue is familiarized with vice, and the knowledge of evil must be forced upon the most innocent. Compared to this, mere bodily wretchedness shrinks almost into insignificance; and yet it must be so extreme that strong constitutions must often be shaken and weak ones shattered. We remember what we have experienced ourselves in well-ventilated state cabins and in spacious saloons with cushioned couches. We recollect how we have starved in the midst of abundance, and turned in disgust from food that was admirably cooked and temptingly served. Imagine a delicate woman endeavouring to shake off sickness in the foul atmosphere of the overcrowded steerage, where, if she ventures out of her greasy bunk, she has to keep herself upright on a rough plank, because there is literally no room to lie down; where she must be her own servant and nurse; where, if she thinks it a duty to support nature, or has to seek nourishment for her children, she must scramble for disgusting food served in the most revolting fashion. Filth, stench, damp, grease, darkness, and starvation everywhere, with the ship labouring and pitching; and all getting unspeakably worse as she grows weaker, while the time drags on until the days of her misery shall be accomplished. We know how social questions of this kind are shelved by men in office, and how sorely they task the patience of private members who take them up. Yet if ever there was a case where sufferers ought to be able to count upon general sympathy, surely this is one; and something might possibly be done before the spring equinox, were members who have been sick in the Channel themselves to consider the sufferings of the emigrants.

INDUSTRIAL EMPLOYMENT IN THE ARMY.

THERE can be no doubt that during many years want of occupation was the bane of the British army, and that the soldier became in consequence much demoralized. Drill and mounting guard, however zealous the adjutant, however exacting the commanding officer, could not by any possibility be made to fill up the entire day, and the soldier was driven by positive *ennui* to betake himself to drinking and other evil courses. Within the memory of many regimental officers now serving, a reform was gradually introduced. Schools were improved and rendered more available; reading and recreation rooms and libraries were founded, and fives courts and cricket grounds provided. Much progress has been made in these respects, and the soldier can now no longer complain that he has no resource when off duty save the public-house. Moreover, his leisure is largely and very properly curtailed. His military training comprises much more than mere barrack-yard drill, and, while less time than formerly is now absorbed by heel-ball and pipelay, more time is devoted to securing practical efficiency. Indeed the soldier is by no means an idle man. The engineer, dragoon, and artilleryman have always been kept pretty well employed; but in the present day the infantry man has scarcely less work. Besides the routine drill of old days, he is now put through an annual course of rifle instruction; he is practised in running drill, is taught the bayonet exercise, gymnastics, field engineering, swimming when opportunity offers, and field duty, including outpost duty. A certain number of men in each battalion are also taught military telegraphy, and further, all who aspire to promotion are required to pass educational examinations. It will thus be seen that the six years to which the service of most men will in future be limited will be fully taken up in attaining and retaining the practical efficiency exacted from the soldier. His leisure cannot possibly be great, and ample means of spending that leisure harmlessly are provided.

Nevertheless a certain class of amateur army reformers, who have apparently been unable to follow military history down to a later period than that of the Crimean war, persist in declaring that the British soldier is idle. Their arguments might have held good some twenty years ago, but an entirely new state of things has since sprung up. Those who now persist in repeating the parrot cry "Ye are idle, ye are idle," are really nothing else than Rip Van Winkles. They have dropped behind the age themselves, and suppose that the military authorities are equally backward. Impressed with this notion, Mr. Hanbury Tracy, about eighteen months ago, moved for a return as to the employment of soldiers in trades and industry during the year ending March 31, 1871. His object was praiseworthy, and his arguments at first sight appeared unanswerable. He in effect urged that soldiers were idle, and that their idleness was demoralizing; that by employing their abundant leisure on public works and industrial pursuits they would be kept from crime; that any skill they might have possessed on enlistment would be no longer in danger of rusting; that if they were acquainted with no trade they might be taught one, and thus on discharge be transferred to the civil population as useful members of society; that they would add to their pay while serving, and secure a means of livelihood on quitting the service; and, finally, that military was cheaper than civil labour. In these statements there is much plausibility and some truth, but a little reflection will show the unsoundness of Mr. Tracy's deduction that soldiers should, when not fighting, be converted into artificers. The result of his motion was the return which is now before us. It is difficult to conceive a more meagre document. The chief impression which it produces is that, except Mr. Hanbury Tracy and one or two of his friends, few people take the slightest interest in the subject. In the case of many regiments there is absolutely no information given, while from others we find complaints from commanding officers that, either from the absence of any demand for military labour, or the want of workshops and tools, little or nothing has been accomplished. The colonel of one regiment, the 93rd, says, "Scattered state of regiment (divided into no less than eight different detachments) quite precluded the employment of men in trades." Notwithstanding, however, this general indifference on the part both of the authorities and the commanding officers, we are indebted to the return for some interesting facts. The colonel of the 2nd Battalion, 11th Regiment, remarks that many of the good workmen "are of indifferent character, and therefore not recommended for employment." The colonel of the 2nd battalion, 18th regiment, though anxious to encourage military labour, complains that the number of artificers is incomplete, "the inducements to enlist not being apparently sufficient."

From these statements we may gather that, as a rule, few good artificers enlist, and that those who do are men of indifferent character. Indeed it could hardly be expected that a good workman would join the army were he not driven to it on account of dissipated habits. No really good workman, if steady, need in these times want employment for a single day. It is difficult to see, therefore, why he should become a soldier, and by so doing not only sacrifice his independence, but also reduce his income. Men enlist—among other reasons—because they are tired of regular work, or because love of drink deprives them of employment. Such men are certainly not more likely to care for labour after having tasted for some months the delights of a desultory existence than when they were civilians. Another difficulty in the way of the system proposed by Mr. Tracy is that the soldier now passes much of his time on detachment,

under canvas or in tents, where the requisite workshops are wanting. It is a mistake, moreover, to suppose that the ranks contain any large number of tradesmen. Of the 64,029 non-commissioned officers and men belonging to the infantry regiments in the United Kingdom, 2,436, or about 3·8 per cent., are entered as tradesmen. Of these only 477 are certified to be superior, and 663 fair tradesmen—that is to say, rather less than 1·8 per cent. Of the superior and fair tradesmen, 326 are carpenters, 188 blacksmiths, 186 bricklayers, 197 glaziers and painters, 103 masons, while the balance is made up of plumbers, wheelwrights, miners, &c. We have reason to know, however, that these figures are by no means strictly correct. Certain regiments, in fact, swarm with miners, and others with engine-fitters, though the return before us gives only one of each. This proves that the men belonging to these trades do not care to come forward for employment. We may also observe that in the list referred to there is no mention of shoemakers and tailors—of whom there are a goodly number in each regiment constantly employed. It is certainly discouraging to those who have interested themselves in military workshops to find that in seventy-one battalions of infantry only seven men have learnt trades since they entered the army. There is, however, nothing in this which will astonish practical soldiers.

We have pointed out some of the obstacles to regular work in the army, and we may add another—namely, the constant change of quarters, that foolish and objectionable relic of old times. If skilled workmen find little opportunity or inducement to practise a trade, the difficulties in the way of acquiring one are still greater. In the first place, there is the absence of tools, materials, and accommodation; and, in the second place, the skilled workman would derive no advantage from initiating a raw hand into the mysteries of his craft. A careful examination of the return proves, in short, that there is no extensive and regular system for the utilization of military labour, and we shall presently bring forward considerations which make it very questionable whether such a system is desirable. Nevertheless we learn that by the desultory, almost spasmodic, substitution of military for civil labour the Government has saved no less a sum than 15,864*l.* 16*s.* 4*d.* From this sum, however, ought to be deducted the cost of accommodation and tools. In the course of the year 416 men were employed on public works of various sorts, and received as working pay 2,262*l.* 7*s.* 2*d.*, or, on an average, nearly 5*l.* 8*s.* 9*d.* per head per annum. In the same time 100 men were employed in industrial occupations and earned 294*l.* 5*s.* 6*d.*, or an average of about 2*l.* 18*s.* 9*d.* per head per annum. From this sum also must be deducted the cost of tools. The benefit to the soldier cannot therefore be reckoned as very great. Much stress is laid upon the expediency of appointing only artificers as pioneers; but in many cases commanding officers were unable to find a sufficient number of men of this description. In almost every instance the pioneers have, when possible, been employed on public works—a course which seem to us far from wise. The pioneers ought to be really what their title implies, regimental sappers, and to be employed in learning and imparting to their comrades a knowledge of field engineering. A carpenter, bricklayer, or mason, is undoubtedly better qualified than an ordinary labourer for field engineering; but his skill should be utilized in the duties connected with that art, and not in merely building barracks, repairing furniture, and the like. The same argument applies not only to pioneers but to all soldiers. The first object of the military authorities should be to fit soldiers for fighting, and this is now a task requiring the whole of the men's time. If men are taken away from their military duties, and set to work at trades which have no connexion with their profession, their efficiency must inevitably suffer. It is not enough to teach a soldier the art of war; he must be continually practised in it, or he is sure to deteriorate, for it is an art that requires not only knowledge, but use and habit. True military efficiency must have the character of an instinct or second nature. Else we might disband the army, and trust the defence of the country entirely to Volunteers. But we confess that we are rather at a loss to know what is Mr. Tracy's precise object. Does he wish to make it incumbent on all soldiers to engage in industrial occupations? or would he merely grant facilities and encouragements? If the former, men who are already in the service would certainly feel that they were suffering from a breach of faith, while, as to the classes which have hitherto furnished recruits, they would in future give but a scanty supply. If the latter, the majority of soldiers would complain bitterly of having to do guard and fatigue duty for comrades struck off duty in order to do tradesmen's work. Yet if artificers were not so struck off, no continuous work could be carried on. We have one more objection to urge against the scheme, and that is, that if all the time that can be spared from military duties is to be spent in working at trades, there will be none left for the soldier's education. In short, consider the matter as we will, we can find no valid plea for the introduction of this so-called reform. A man who is a good tradesman can, under present arrangements, generally obtain plenty of occupation, as is shown by the return before us, and as is known by all experienced regimental officers. To convert the army *en masse* into a body of uniformed mechanics would be to sacrifice a primary to a secondary object. The primary object is to fit our army to meet an enemy in the field, and mending chairs or tables will scarcely conduce to the attainment of that object. Which is more important, to save the taxpayer ten or twenty thousand

pounds per annum, or to secure the maximum fighting efficiency of our army? There can be but one answer to such a question, and it has been practically given by the Duke of Cambridge and Mr. Cardwell.

WINTER EXHIBITIONS.

THE Dudley Gallery is, as usual, an interesting medley. Other exhibitions may claim uniform mediocrity, but the Dudley has ever boasted of extremes and contrasts. On the one hand we are met by the tentative efforts of tiroes, on the other by the routine products of Royal Academicians; at the ceiling and along the floor lie forlorn hopes, upon the line stand conspicuous the potboilers which time out of mind have helped to pay Christmas bills. The young men whose reputations are still to make are at their best, yet their very best is but a promise for the future; the mature and established men are seldom at their best, because their greatest efforts are reserved for the Academy; yet all men who work hard and earnestly throughout the year will have at their disposal gleanings from studios and autumn rambles which appropriately find a place at these Winter Exhibitions. The Dudley Gallery, moreover, may be said to represent a cause and an interest of its own. Other exhibitions are in the hands of dealers, but the Dudley is under the control of artists; other exhibitions are narrowly exclusive, but the Dudley is widely inclusive; the present collection, for example, comprises no less than 273 exhibitors. In like manner the works selected—394 in number—embrace every diversity of style; the high and the dry, the broad, the low, and the slow, the stately Academic, the coarsely naturalistic, and the painstaking pre-Raffaellite.

The first consideration is due to the few works—far too few in all our exhibitions nowadays—which assert the power and the spell of imagination. Again Mr. Watts, R.A., takes the lead in creative thought. "Watching for the Return of Theseus" (70), and "Orpheus and Eurydice" (216), are as usual grand in conception, powerful by concentration, solemn in deep harmonies, and specially suggestive by a certain vague shadowing forth of a story or a drama, which seems to stretch far away beyond the narrow confines of the canvas. There are some pictures which lie all on the surface, which can be read at a glance; there are others with half-hidden depths wherein mysteries abide. And yet in painting, even more than in writing, obscurity is sometimes mistaken for profundity, a muddy stream is thought to be deep, and a muddled touch has the credit of much meaning. The pictures of Mr. Watts have not always been free from such imputations; the execution does not grasp the thought firmly; sometimes, in fact, it seems as if groping in the dark for the idea, which in the end escapes and leaves only a shadow behind. But the story of Ariadne, which has afforded to artists, especially to the carvers of gems, the happiest of themes, gives Mr. Watts favourable occasion for the display of his highest powers. Ariadne, seated with her maidens on a headland in the Isle of Naxos, looks eagerly over the sea, wistfully "watching for the return of Theseus" (70). Two of the maidens watch, and two in weariness have fallen asleep. Intense longing is in the outlook of the forlorn Ariadne. In point of art the classic mingles with the romantic, grandeur is mitigated by beauty, the forms and the lines approach in grace and harmony to the Greek. We observe in the pictures of this painter an increased tendency to plastic art; these figures, for example, are as statues endowed with life and decorated with colour. On the other hand, the statues which Mr. Watts has recently executed of the late Bishop of Lichfield and of the late Lord Holland, though not belonging to what is termed pictorial sculpture, have certain pictorial qualities, especially in the draperies, and even give a suggestion of colour in the texture of the surfaces. It seems probable that among the Greeks there was a like interchange between the sister arts. Mr. Simeon Solomon has fallen under similar influences. "Autumn Love" (96) is a figure which bears reminiscences of the Apollos, the Bacchuses, and the Cupids scattered through the sculpture galleries of Europe. The styles of Mr. Watts and of Mr. Solomon, however, have this difference—Mr. Watts carries the mind into the shadowy regions of the past; his models might even have been dug up, so dusky are they, and yet the hand of Phidias is upon them. Mr. Simeon Solomon, on the contrary, decks "Autumn Love" more as the modern young gentleman, as an Adonis come from the bath and caught in a storm; Canova would have admired the conception greatly. The keen autumn wind cuts cruelly into the poor lad's naked skin, and a sudden blast has so laid hold of his handsome pair of wings that his less powerful nether extremities can scarcely hold anchorage to the solid ground. Wings and drapery indeed place poor "Autumn Love" in considerable jeopardy; as when a ship that carries too much sail is caught in a hurricane, and in the last extremity the whole gear of mast and canvas is cut away. Very different is the plight of "Andromeda" (283), immobile as a statue, colourless as a marble. Titian was certainly not at the elbow of Mr. Stanhope when this sublime negation was modelled. And yet this cold study from the nude inspires respect, though scarcely admiration. A Venetian painter, had he been present in the studio, might have suggested some indirect appeal to passion; but Mr. Stanhope, being left to his own purer promptings, has made his work perfectly passionless; the appeal is to the dry intellect. This artist seldom indeed permits himself the enjoyment of beauty—not even the "intellectual beauty" of Shelley. And yet he treads in high paths, and labours as if a duty were laid upon him to carry art into regions of ideal thought.

On the walls of the Dudley mediæval manners have been accustomed to jostle classic styles, and of the sect of mediævalists Mr. Donaldson may some day be chosen high-priest. Yet "The Star in the East" (236) has little of the rare merit which renders old art venerable. The three kings are puppets which might serve, with some modification in costume, almost equally well for three of the sons of Noah taking an evening walk after the Deluge; and, in fact, we can distinguish Mount Ararat in the distance—and much besides, for Bethlehem looks like Baalbek or the Acropolis at Athens. A noble subject is simply made ridiculous. Mr. Walter Crane, who of yore lingered within the shadow of the middle ages, has betaken himself to the sunshine of Italy. "Home News" (243), though singular, is pleasing. The scene is laid somewhere about the Bay of Naples; a young damsel has received a letter, and her brother is listening. Around are orange trees, cactuses, lilies, with stone-pines beyond and the blue Mediterranean lying beneath. The novelty consists in quaintness and quietness. The little picture has a charm all its own, because wholly removed from the blaze of colour and the balderdash of sentiment wherein Mr. Richardson and Mr. Rowbotham have invested the shores of Italy.

Certain steady-going Academicians and Associates give to these walls habitual weight and occasional worth. Mr. E. M. Ward, R.A., contributes a "Portrait of Lord Lytton" (244), interesting to students of physiognomy from the close correspondence between this head, handsome, showy, and artfully decorated, and a literary style pretentious rather than profound, artificial rather than simple and true. This picture, which seems to have been painted some years since, depicts a life of refined luxury. The fashionable novelist is seated, with Oriental pipe in hand, in a richly furnished library. The execution of the work is not very felicitous; the handling is, in its large scale, out of keeping with the small canvas; indeed the whole manner is that of a giant accustomed to march with heavy tread across a wide historic field. We need not detain the reader over Mr. Calderon's "Lesson of Charity" (135), but "Sketch Portraits," by the same Royal Academician, of his fellow-artists in St. John's Wood, Mr. Yeames and Mr. Wynfield (169), can scarcely be passed by as commonplace; the heads are true to the life, and the style affects a severity and simplicity more in common with early epochs than with our own degenerate times. Fairly good examples may also be here found of the several manners of Mr. Marks, A.R.A., Mr. Hodgson, Mr. Wynfield, Mr. Val Prinsep, Mr. Burgess, Mr. H. Wallis, and Mr. Briton Riviere—artists who do kind service in coming forward with some slight enlivenment for this dull season of the year.

Among the minor efforts to which painters at this dead period mostly limit themselves, one or two may merit remark. Mr. Hodgson's "Appeal to the Kaid" (47), though the reverse of attractive, may be accepted as a literal ethnological study; also it may be taken as a stinging satire on Moorish manners and the Arab mode of administering justice. Many artists in England and on the Continent have used the semi-barbarous life of Africa and Asia for picturesque, romantic, and even devotional purposes; but Mr. Hodgson is almost the first painter who has ventured to look on the comic side of characters that served Horace Vernet and others for prophets and apostles. Mr. Hodgson dispels the illusions of our childhood; with withering irony he lays bare the hatred, the chicanery, and treachery of races who, by virtue of beards, turbans, and burnouses, have made themselves welcome in the picture-marts of modern Europe. Mr. H. Wallis has adopted an expedient which, if not original, is justified by success; he takes a subject, "Barnard's Inn, Holborn, in the Seventeenth Century" (269), and then treats his picturesque materials after the manner of the Dutch masters of that century. This picture, especially if the figures had been made more firm and forcible, might have been painted in the studio of De Hooze. The sunlight in the open courtyard, the distant perspective of a passage wherein a shambling figure appears, the illusive detail in the masonry, are specially characteristic of De Hooze. This rare master has evidently of late been studied by several of our artists; indeed the three examples now in the National Gallery are well calculated to provoke emulation. Miss Louisa Starr produces "A Study" (153) much to her credit; this young medalist of the Academy sometimes errs in the direction of sentiment and smooth surface, but here she is negligently grand; the work has been judiciously left at the study stage without further attempt to finish or adorn. Mr. Briton Riviere, again, gives with striking effect a zoological illustration of the Old Testament. "The Lion has come up from his Thicket" (Jer. iv. 7) is grandly conceived. These lions prowling by night for their prey have the nobility which rightly belongs to the monarch of the forest; they are not falsely endowed with human expression, a mistake and perversion of nature which has rendered some of the animals painted by Mr. Riviere nondescripts and caricatures. It has been laid to the charge of Sir Edwin Landseer that his animals are affected with sentiments which pertain exclusively to humanity; but at all events his dogs and other creatures are not snobs, but gentlefolk. Mr. Riviere, on the contrary, barely escapes coarseness and repulsive ugliness in "Warranted Quiet to Ride or Drive" (232). It is seldom safe for an artist to perpetrate deformity; beauty should be the governing law in art as in nature; a vicious horse is as much out of place on canvas as in a carriage.

We confess that we have been accustomed to frequent the Dudley for what may be termed the vagaries of genius. In this category Mr. Whistler stands conspicuous, as witness "Sym-

phony in Grey and Green—the Ocean” (37). A greater libel on “ocean” has never been perpetrated; the water is disgustingly dirty, and no pains have been taken to preserve the level which fluid bodies are supposed to affect. “A Nocturne in Blue and Silver” (237) is an imposing title, yet it might admit of easy parody—“a nocturne in a washtub.” This ghost of a picture, in fact, would serve for anything or for nothing. Another “Nocturne in Grey and Gold” (187) is rather better; the rising of the moon is well managed, and the flickering light in the water, one light standing alone in solitude, approaches a sentiment which words often strive after, but which a painted canvas seldom can convey. Thus it may be conceded that Mr. Whistler experimentalizes in a species of pictorial poetry of which he is exclusive master, at least in this quarter of the globe. Indeed the nearest brethren of his brush are as far off as Japan. But the nomenclature which the gifted artist affects is entirely his own, seeing that Japanese screens are sold in the shops without pretence of name or title. Such high-sounding words as “symphony” may be intentionally suggestive of Beethoven; only it is to be observed that Mr. Whistler, like Paganini, plays on only one string, or rather the analogy is closer to certain musicians in Russian bands who sound but a single note.

That originality does not always in this Gallery take the line of eccentricity there is pleasing proof. Thus it is hard to commend too highly two studies by Mr. Arthur Ditchfield at “Elche near Alicante” (127, 140). We have seldom seen arid sand and crumbling rock drawn with equal fidelity. Mr. Binyon is alike happy in “Isola di Capri” (305); this little coast scene is dazzling as the sunlight of the South. More grey and shadowy, as befits our Northern clime, is “Our Village” (341), by Mr. Leslie, A.R.A. A transcript so tender and true suggests its own story; fancy amplifies the picture from the pages of Goldsmith and Miss Mitford. This close study and its companion, “Carnations and Corn” (328), are just what Mr. Leslie wants; his landscape backgrounds will thus gain the definition and detail which they have sometimes lacked. Next to these two studies by Mr. Leslie hang two sketches from nature (329, 342), by a fellow-Associate of the Academy, whose labours, we regret to say, are now for ever closed. Mr. Mason, who had long suffered from broken health, which might account for an occasional shortcoming in his works, was lying dead when these sketches were first open to the public. We have heard but one expression, that of universal sorrow, at this untimely, though scarcely unlooked-for, loss—a loss not only irreparable to the artist’s family, but to art itself. Mr. Mason, long resident in Rome, had contracted a manner which came as a surprise and a protest into the midst of “the pre-Raffaellite” fatuity which ruled for a period in British art. For some years past his pictures have tended to bring men back to the old and true standards of landscape. Eschewing mere imitation, the lowest of all qualities, Mr. Mason’s compositions acknowledged the sway of fancy and emotion. They were idyls wherein human nature joined outward nature, not, it is true, as in the landscapes of Titian or of Poussin, for the purpose of enacting a tragedy, but rather for the more peaceful indulgence of some sylvan sentiment, tranquil as twilight, and toned down to unbroken unison as the sound of a lyre. Mr. Mason’s art tolerated no discord; the lines of his composition, the harmony of his colour, were essentially rhythmical and lyrical.

Mr. M’Lean’s ninth annual exhibition of water-colour drawings, English and foreign, is chiefly remarkable for a series of sketches of deer-stalking in the Highlands, lent by the Prince of Wales. The artist is M. Zichy—sometimes termed the *Gustave Doré* of Russia—a clever, slashing painter in St. Petersburg, who is accustomed to accompany the Emperor of Russia on hunting exploits as painter in ordinary. The Prince of Wales, when in Russia at the coronation, visited the studio of M. Zichy, and was so much pleased with all he saw that the artist has been invited to England to do for the Prince what he had previously performed for the Emperor—that is, to immortalize arduous or festive feats in the field. Perhaps these tableaux of deer-stalking are a little disappointing, especially considering the fame of the painter. The composition is often scattered, the colour is all but restricted to monochrome, the execution is not always artistic. And yet the master hand is seen in a fierce torchlight dance, full of fire and movement. M. Zichy has had in Russia to celebrate the prowess of the Emperor under impending death when brought in encounter face to face with a bear. It would seem that deer-stalking in the Highlands is not favourable to such highly sensational pictures. The Prince, we are happy to say, does not appear to endanger his life more seriously than by sitting occasionally on damp grass.

REVIEWS.

CURTIVS'S HISTORY OF GREECE.—VOL. IV.*

(Second Notice.)

WE have already said or implied that the best chapter, at all events the chapter best worth studying, in the present volume is the general one which bears the title of “Athens after her Restoration.” Its subject of course allows special scope for

differences of opinion, but, whether we always go along with Curtius’s view or not, we at least always feel that we are listening to a man who has a right to be heard, to a thorough master of his subject. We are not sure that we see why some of the subjects here treated of should have been dealt with at this particular stage. The poetry of Euripides, for instance, is discussed in this chapter, though Euripides undoubtedly belongs to the period of the Peloponnesian War. It is true that there has been no general chapter of this kind since the one in Mr. Ward’s second volume which described the Periclean Athens, so that it may be held that this is the right place to discuss all that belongs to the time of the Peloponnesian War after its first years. But then why should it bear such a title as “Athens after her Restoration”? No doubt it is well to remind us of what we are all apt practically to forget, that a great revolution like the fall of Athens does not sweep away all the actors in the past state of things, and call a new generation suddenly into being. We are specially open to this temptation in the present case, as there are not very many names which connect the two periods. Thrasylus is the main link, for Conon and Lysander come on the stage only just at the end of the first period, as if in order to usher in the second. Isocrates of course lived through everything, but then he was a spectator and not an actor. Socrates again connects the two, but we are apt to fancy Socrates a more important person in the Hellenic world than he was. The greater part of his long life belongs to the days of the Peloponnesian War, and to days earlier still; but his two or three recorded public acts belong to the last years of the war and to the time of the Thirty, while his execution was one of the early acts of the revived democracy. Curtius sees, though he does not bring out so fully as Mr. Grote, that Socrates fell a victim to the strong conservative spirit which was natural in a restored democracy. At such a moment the “wisdom of our forefathers” receives a tenfold worship. No time can be more dangerous for men who are suspected of religious or political innovations, above all for men suspected of complicity with the authors of oligarchic revolutions. Curtius sees also, though he does not bring out so clearly as Mr. Grote, that, though the conviction of Socrates was both unjust in itself and unjust according to Athenian law, yet there was nothing monstrous or wonderful about it. After all, he was convicted by a very small majority, and he might undoubtedly have avoided the extreme penalty of death had he not brought it upon himself by his contempt of court. But even when Curtius sees these things, there is nothing like the clear and vigorous way in which Mr. Grote brings them out. We see again the advantage of the practical man. To the English member of Parliament the various feelings which would stir a popular body like that by which Socrates was tried were a living and familiar thing in a way which they clearly are not to the German scholar. Mr. Grote too shows his deeper critical instinct when he rejects the legend of the repentance of the Athenians for the death of Socrates, which Curtius accepts. It rests on no better authority than that of Diodorus and other late writers, while it is implicitly contradicted by *Æschines* as well as by Socrates’ own disciples. And it is a thing which was very unlikely to happen as a fact, but which was sure to grow up as a legend. The Athenian people were quite capable of repentance on occasion, as they showed in the case of the Generals at Arginusæ. But in the case of Socrates there was nothing, from their own point of view, to make them repent. The notion that they must have repented belongs to the feelings of a later age, when Socrates had become the hero and demigod of philosophers in general. The legend was meant at once as a tribute to the memory of Socrates and as some sort of palliation for the crime of his countrymen. It also fell in, though in a creditable way, with that notion about democratic fickleness which grew up in the days of the anecdote-mongers. It is in truth a regular anecdote-monger’s story, and has no place in history at all.

With regard to the Sophists Curtius does not go the full length of some of the writers of pre-Grotian times; Prodicus, for instance, and some others he lets off from the general blame. But he says over again a good many things which Mr. Grote has upset. Here again the difficulty is to avoid looking at everything from the point of view of a later time. Sophist was not a name of reproach, and Socrates himself was called a Sophist by *Æschines* long after his death. He called him a Sophist neither in praise nor in blame, but simply as his natural description. Mr. Grote thoroughly throws himself into all this; it is plain that Curtius does not.

On the other hand, when we come to Curtius’s elaborate portrait of Euripides, we have something which would have been wholly out of Mr. Grote’s line. And Curtius’s picture of Euripides is only the centre of a group. When Curtius gets among poets, artists, anything in short which carries him out of the region of politics, he is thoroughly at home. The story of Socrates hardly does carry us out of the region of politics. The charge against Socrates was religious, but it was political also, besides the fact that in those times a religious charge of such a kind, not any speculative doctrine, but the bringing in of new Gods, was in itself a political charge also. Amongst other things, the charge against Socrates was a reaction from the teaching of Euripides.

It is not at all in the general aspects of history that Curtius fails. His pictures of the broad relations between the chief powers of Greece at this time are for the most part well conceived and skillfully worked out; we have already referred to his discerning estimate of the historical position of Epaminondas. Where he fails

* *The History of Greece.* By Professor Dr. Ernst Curtius. Translated by Adolphus William Ward, M.A. Vol. IV. London: Bentley and Son. 1872.

is in purely constitutional matters, of which he never seems able to take any bold scientific grasp. There are students to whom the study of political constitutions is really a science. This or that commonwealth is to them a specimen, as a building or an animal may be to students in other branches. It is a specimen of a class, or it unites the features of two classes, or it has anomalous characteristics of its own which hinder it from being ranged under any class. Of all this kind of study Curtius seems to have no notion whatever. He blurs out those little touches in our often fragmentary accounts which are all that we have to enlighten us as to many stages of Greek political history. He does not seem to trouble himself to distinguish at all minutely between those various shades of political relations between one commonwealth and another which form one of the most instructive lessons of Greek history. And this is especially to be regretted in the present volume, because it is in this period that we get the first germs of the great federal development of later Greece, and it is most important to mark every distinction by the most accurate nomenclature that can be found. Within this period we see the growth and the destruction of the Olynthian power, a power which we cannot look on as a true confederation. We see the old Boeotian Confederation, of whose earlier constitution we got some glimpses in the time of Thucydides, sink into a mere dominion on the part of Thebes. And we see the beginnings of a real federal system in Arcadia, which, though it came to nothing at the time, undoubtedly supplied hints to the federal statesmen of later days, especially to those who were themselves citizens of the Great City. Now all these things were carefully studied by Mr. Grote, and were carefully set forth by him in his History. We may or we may not always agree with the inferences which Mr. Grote makes, but he always gives us an intelligible view, supported by intelligible arguments, to which we can give or refuse our assent, fully knowing what we are about. Curtius slurs the whole thing over in a way which constantly shows that he does not thoroughly understand the points at issue. Take for instance the famous dispute between Epaminondas and Agesilaus when Thebes was shut out from the Peace before the battle of Leuctra. It is described by Xenophon, Plutarch, and Pausanias, and it is commented on at large by Mr. Grote. We may or we may not exactly follow Mr. Grote in his notion of every turn of the argument, but we at least know what he means, and he fully brings out the point which is the key to the whole dispute—the claim of Thebes to hold a position in Boeotia analogous to that which Sparta held in Laconia. He maintained that Thebes stood to the other Boeotian cities in the same relation which Sparta stood to the other Laconian cities—the cities of the *περίοικοι*—the Thebans are to be entitled to swear on behalf of all the Boeotians, just as the Spartans are entitled to swear on behalf of all the Lacedæmonians. Pausanias makes this plainer than anybody else, but it is by no means clear whether Curtius understands him. The words of Pausanias are *Ἐπαμεινώνδας ἤρετο Ἀθηναίους εἰ κατὰ πόλιν ὁμόνοια βοιωτῶν ἴσασιν ὑπὲρ τῆς εἰρήνης*. "οὐ πρότερόν γε" εἶπεν "ὡ Σπαρτιάται, πρὶν ἢ καὶ τοὺς περίοικους ὁμόνοιας κατὰ πόλιν ἴδωμεν τοὺς ἡμετέρους." Curtius's comment is, "Lakedæmon bestoh auch aus einer Gruppe von Ortschaften, welche mit herber Gewalt zu einem Ganzen vereinigt worden wären," or, in Mr. Ward's translation, "Lacedæmon itself consisted of a group of villages, which had by sheer force been united into a single whole." We conceive that the reference here must be—Mr. Ward plainly thinks that it is—to the formation of the city of Sparta, like that of Mantinea, out of four or five earlier villages. But this has nothing whatever to do with the question which refers wholly to the *περίοικοι* and their towns. And Curtius himself directly after translates the words of Epaminondas, "Nur in dem Falle wenn ihr eure eigenen Landstädte als freie Gemeinden anerkennt," or, in Mr. Ward's version, "Only in case you Spartans yourselves recognize your own provincial towns as free communities." Here by the *Landstädte* must be meant the Periæcic towns. We cannot certainly rejoice at the exchange of either Bishop Thirlwall or Mr. Grote for a writer whose trumpet gives so uncertain a sound as this.

Take again the great work of Epaminondas, the creation of Megalopolis as the Federal capital of Arcadia. No one who knows anything of the principles of Greek democracy can doubt that the Assembly of the Ten Thousand, as they were called, the Federal Assembly of Arcadia, was, like the Federal Assembly of Achaia in later days, open to every Arcadian citizen of the qualified age. In Mr. Grote's words, it was "a synod or assembly, from all the separate members of the Arcadian name, and in which probably every Arcadian citizen from the constituent communities had the right of attending." Mark how Mr. Grote avoids the use of the inaccurate, or at best misleading, word "representative." In this he is more careful than Bishop Thirlwall, who calls it a "representative assembly"; but his words are patient of an accurate meaning, as he is arguing against those who fancied that the Ten Thousand consisted of citizens of Megalopolis only. This vast body of course met in the theatre, while, as Colonel Leake and Bishop Thirlwall between them distinctly showed, the smaller Council which, according to all analogy of Greek commonwealths, must have prepared matters for the Assembly, met in a building called the Thersilion, τὸ θουλευτήριον ὃ τοῖς μυσίοις ἐπετροίητο Ἀρκάδων, as Pausanias calls it. Pausanias of course does not mean that the Ten Thousand, the Assembly, met in the *θουλευτήριον*, though the *θουλευτήριον* was, as he says, made for the Ten Thousand, as we might say that a Committee-room was made for the House of Commons. But Curtius, going back to the days

before Grote, Thirlwall, or Leake, speaks of "das Thersilion, das für die Versammlungen des neuarcadischen Gesammtaths bestimmte Gebäude"; and presently he says that Megalopolis "solte der Sitz arkadischer Centralbehörden und einer die ganze Landschaft vertretenden Gemeindeversammlung sein. Eine solche waren die sogenannten Zehntausend, für die das Thersilion gebaut war; ein Ausschuss sämtlicher Bürgerschaften Arkadiens, welcher hier zu bestimmten Zeiten tagen sollte." Mr. Ward translates "the assemblies of the General Council of New Arcadia," a communal assembly representing the entire country, "a Committee of the civic communities of Arcadia." Of the two the *Gemeindeversammlung* of the original is one degree clearer than the "communal assembly" of the translation, but from neither of them do we get any certain notion of what Curtius supposes the Ten Thousand to have been. We suppose he means that they were a representative assembly in the sense of being an assembly of deputies chosen by the several cities of the Confederation; but we want something more than the *obiter dictum* of any single scholar to convince us that representation, as we understand the word in modern politics, was to be found in any Greek Constitution of the fourth century B.C.

A little way after we come to a strange misconception of the process by which the Arcadian League was actually put together. The whole Arcadian force had gathered together at Asea, forming, according to Greek notions, at once an army and a constituent assembly. Gessilus crossed the Arcadian frontier and came to the little town of Eutæa, where the state of things is described by Xenophon (vi. 5, 12) in the words *εὐταῖαν ἐκεί τοὺς μὲν προσβήρους καὶ τὰς γυναῖκας καὶ τοὺς παῖδας οἰσύντας ἐν ταῖς οἰκίαις, τοὺς δ' ἐν τῇ στρατιᾷ ἡλικία οἰχομένους εἰς τὸ Ἀρκάδιον*. One would have thought that no words could be plainer than these, and their meaning had been fully set forth by Bishop Thirlwall and Mr. Grote. All the men of the military age had gone to the gathering at Asea—call it army or assembly as we please. Now it appears from Pausanias (viii. 27, 3) that Eutæa was one of the towns whose inhabitants were to move to Megalopolis. It is of course clear that they had not yet done so; but Curtius need not have so seized upon this fact as to put out of sight the really striking part of the story—namely, the zeal of the people of Eutæa, which had carried all their fanciful men to the Federal muster. All that Curtius has to say is, "Die Einwohner waren, wie es scheint, noch nicht nach Megalopolis übersiedelt; sie wurden mit grosser Milde behandelt"—going on to describe the mild way in which Agesilaus dealt with the old men, women, and children, as if it had applied to the whole people of Eutæa.

We think that a writer who so often fails, whether it be to understand his authorities or to express his own meaning, has no right to put little snubbing notes at the end of his volume—"ὄππῃ, nicht οὕτω, trotz Grote," 468; "Falsche Kritik bei Grote," 327; "missverstanden bei Grote," 464. Mr. Grote is remarkable for the civility and almost tenderness which he shows to all earlier scholars, and for the care with which he gives his reasons for every view which he takes. Of all men that ever wrote, he is the last whom any one should try to put out of the way by an impetuous *ipse dixit*. In the third of these passages, the famous one about the Arcadians who *ἐπεγράφοντο ῥόπαλα ἔχοντες, ὡς Θηβαῖοι ὄντες* (Xen. *Hell.* vii. 5-20), there can be little doubt that Mr. Grote is mistaken, but at all events he gives his readers the means of setting him right. And, after all, the mistake about the Arcadian clubmen is not so astounding as the strange imagination of Curtius himself, that the Theban heavy armed, the Sacred Band at least, fought in chariots. We at least can get no other meaning out of the words in p. 271 of the third volume (iv. 355 of Mr. Ward's translation):—"Denn schon in der Schlacht bei Delion wird eine Schaar der Dreihundert erwähnt, sie kämpften wie die Helden der homerischen Zeit, vor der Masse des Kriegsvolks zu Wagen, zwei und zwei mit einander vereinigt." Mr. Ward's translation gives the same meaning.

We have used some plainness of speech in dealing with what we hear is the fashionable book in at least one of our Universities. But the book is a proof that mere scholarship, mere taste, even when backed by a thorough knowledge of the geography, the literature, and the art of the people to be dealt with, is not enough to make a man an historian. The main value of Grecian history is as a political study. The means of working out that political study the reader will find in Grote; he will not find them in Curtius. Mr. Seeley has told us, in the grandest of the grand style, that "good books are commonly written in German." We are insular enough to think that better books are sometimes written in English.

Of Mr. Ward's translation we will not speak again. We confess that, in reading it, we have had sometimes to turn to the original to find out the meaning of the translation. But we feel more strongly as we go on how great the difficulties of such a translation must be in every case, and we fully understand that one of Mr. Ward's difficulties in translating from German into English is his thorough mastery for all other purposes of the German language and literature.

ENIGMAS OF LIFE.*

THIS collection of essays, as Mr. Greg informs us in his preface, contains "rather suggested thoughts that may fructify in other minds than distinct propositions which it is

* *Enigmas of Life*. By W. R. Greg. London: Trübner & Co. 1872.

sought argumentatively to prove." Taking the book upon this understanding, we may fully admit that it hits its mark. Nobody, that is, can read it without having a number of speculations suggested upon some of the profoundest topics upon which the human mind can employ itself. Many people would add that the topics are so profound that all which the mind can do is to lose itself in them. We at any rate shall not follow the author into his reflections upon some of the vital questions of theology. It is enough to say that, although Mr. Greg diverges very widely from the opinions generally regarded as orthodox, he never speaks offensively of those from whom he differs; and that, although a rationalist in principle, he holds to many beliefs which are abandoned by extreme thinkers. We will turn, however, from such inquiries to some of the topics considered in the earlier part of his volume, and which, though more accessible to ordinary minds are certainly large enough to fill a review article. Indeed, Mr. Greg discusses some questions which are likely to occupy the attention of the ablest thinkers for many generations to come. All that the present generation can do is to state them clearly, collect a few facts which may help to elucidate them in future, and hand them on to its successors. What is to be the future of the human race? What are the great obstacles in the way of progress? What are the best means of surmounting these obstacles? Such, in a rough statement, are some of the problems which are more or less present to Mr. Greg's mind; and although he does not pretend to discuss them fully, he makes a great many observations about them, always expressed in a graceful style, frequently eloquent, and occasionally putting old subjects in a new light, and recording the results of a large amount of reading and inquiry. We have of course no right to expect him to come to any definite conclusions; the man who pronounces confidently on such matters condemns himself; but, after accompanying him through his opening chapters, we shall probably feel that our mental horizon has been widened, and we shall certainly feel that Mr. Greg has added fresh interest to his subject.

We may say roughly that Mr. Greg is an optimist. Though pointing out the many evils and the discouraging symptoms of human society, he believes that a glorious future is in store for the race. He thinks that, underlying the superficial evils, changes are taking place which may give us good grounds for hope. He points out how slight a change is needed in some respects to bring about an extraordinary amelioration of the general condition, and how a moderate elevation of the general standard of forethought and cultivation might cut at the root of the three great causes of misery—disease, poverty, and crime. Perhaps we might reply that slight changes are sometimes very difficult to bring about. People often say what a wonderful monument might be raised to this or that benefactor if every one of the people to whom he has done good would contribute a penny. It is very true, but the misfortune is that it is much easier to induce one man to give a thousand pounds than to induce 240,000 men each to give a penny. Make every working man in the kingdom more sober by an infinitesimal degree, and you would save the amount of the National Debt in no time. Unluckily, the true inference seems to be that the difficulty of raising the standard of sobriety even one degree is enormous. Mr. Greg, however, hopes for the best; but he sees three main antagonistic agencies which threaten to check our development. The first is the perpetual struggle for existence; the second, the supposed tendency of the race to multiply from its least eligible specimens; and the third, the progress of democracy. Of the last cause, upon which he touches very briefly, we can say still less. We will only note one remark of Mr. Greg's, which seems to us to involve a fallacy like that just noticed. The "ochlocracy," which, as he thinks, is now "driving France to seemingly irretrievable downfall, is traceable to the fatal weakness of Monarch and Ministers alike in February 1848." Surely this is a very narrow view of a great change, and unworthy of Mr. Greg's generally philosophical tone. If the development of democratic tendencies in France could have been stopped by a little more courage on one particular day, it would be a far less formidable phenomenon than Mr. Greg represents it to be. But the apparently little "if" is here, too, in reality a very great "if." The incurable weakness of every French Government since 1789 is a symptom of a disease not to be cured by a display of energy at any given moment, but by the growth of a new spirit amongst the whole French people. A pear so rotten as to be blown over by the first blast of revolution is sure to drop some day. We will add that on this point Mr. Greg does not seem to be very consistent with himself; for he soon afterwards attributes the decline of the French people from their former standard of excellence to the absorption of the Teutonic in the Celtic elements of the population. Without pronouncing any opinion as to the truth of the theory, we think that the cause assigned is at least more adequate to the effect supposed to be produced.

We proceed, however, to Mr. Greg's two other causes, which are intimately connected. The theory of Malthus, which is, after all, only a particular case of Mr. Darwin's doctrines, is supposed to prove that the population of the globe is constantly pressing upon its resources; and that the lower classes are therefore doomed to a permanent misery, which can only be alleviated by restraining their numbers, either by the checks of vice and misery or by the more desirable check of prudence. A further corollary follows, upon which Mr. Greg has spent much thought and eloquence. The pressure thus produced tends, as he urges, to eliminate the fittest, instead of the lowest, specimens of the race. Our modern

civilization preserves the feeble and sickly who would have been crushed out in a ruder state of existence; and, moreover, the imprudent and reckless are preserved instead of the more highly cultivated part of the population. Mr. Greg looks about him for some means of escape, and we cannot say that he comes to an altogether satisfactory conclusion. He once thought that Malthus's premisses might be proved to be unsound, although his logic was irrefragable. He now feels more doubtful, though he still encourages us to hope. On the other hand, he can only look to a gradual spread of enlightenment which will free us from the burden of the reckless classes; and he will certainly admit that the desired change is likely to be a slow one. With most of Mr. Greg's statements we have little fault to find; but we doubt whether he quite appreciates the bearing of all his arguments. Occasionally he seems to us to be rather inconsistent, though it is possible that a fuller development of his opinions might remove the objections which occur to us.

In our view the main error of Malthus consisted in the assumption that the provisional hypothesis of political economists necessarily corresponded to the objective facts. He assumes, for example, that the extent of fertile land is strictly limited, and that the science of agriculture does not improve. In particular cases the hypothesis will not be verified, and his theory will so far be inapplicable. Mr. Greg gives excellent reasons for believing that the numerous stretches of fertile land hitherto almost untouched, especially in America, and the vast results which would follow if all agriculturists were as scientific as some already are, open an almost indefinite prospect for the future. Undoubtedly there is no reason why the human race should not increase and multiply for a vast period to come. It will be many generations before we come to the ultimate limit of standing-room. Meanwhile, with the necessary corrections, Malthus's theory may still be applied. Our population need not be stationary; but the rate of increase must not outrun the rate of increase of our resources; and, considering the absolute necessity of the spread of education and the accumulation of capital in order to utilize our possible resources, it is obvious that this consideration imposes very strict limits on our multiplication. The theory, stated in more general terms, will come to this—that there must always be an equilibrium between the human race and the vegetable and animal races from which it derives its sustenance; and if we conceive that all men should multiply as fast as they multiply in the most productive countries, it is mathematically evident that they would soon overtake their resources. What, then, is to counteract this tendency? Mr. Greg replies substantially that, in addition to the checks described by Malthus, there is another which we may call the physiological check. He thinks, and he finds the high authority of Mr. Herbert Spencer in his favour, that there is a tendency in cerebral development to lessen fecundity. If our brains grow larger or more active we shall have fewer children. "The excess of fertility," as Mr. Spencer puts it, "has rendered the process of civilization inevitable; and the process of civilization must inevitably diminish fertility, and at last destroy its excess." If so, it would seem that we shall finally become so civilized that population will be stationary for all practical purposes, and our resources will increase faster than our needs. What will happen afterwards, and whether ultimately the whole essence of humanity will be compressed into one marvellously clever but necessarily unproductive individual, is a question which we must not ask. The law doubtless requires examination and confirmation; though Mr. Greg appears to speak of it as "irrefragably demonstrated"—words which do not seem quite to agree with his way of speaking elsewhere.

Meanwhile there is the further difficulty that the same process seems to bring with it an antagonistic action. Whilst the most civilized amongst us are growing wise and losing their fecundity, the reckless are multiplying as fast as ever. Moreover the weakest are preserved in the highest places. The donors who consume wealth have the advantage in selecting the most desirable brides, and making them the mothers of a degenerating race. And thus the two fringes of society, so to speak, the improvident poor and the extravagant rich, are developed at the expense of the thrifty and sound middle classes. The argument is very able and interesting. We have only space to make one or two suggestions to which Mr. Greg scarcely seems to give their due weight. In the first place, it seems to be obvious that the tendency of preserving the feeblest is not to be summed up quite so simply. It alters the mode in which selection acts, but it does not necessarily imply that it will act in the way suggested. If population increases only at the same rate as before, the checks must still be operative; and, however they operate, they will probably be most effective on the weakest members of society. If population increases faster, it may be that there are more feeble individuals, but there will also be more strong ones; and, in spite of all the influences of civilization, the core of strength must tend to develop itself at the expense of the weaker fringe. It requires proof, too, that the removal of the influences which kill off the weak members of a rude society does not also imply the removal of influences which enervate the strong. If a hundred people live in a bad atmosphere, the sickly will die off and only the healthy survive; but it is also true that the healthy will be less healthy than they would have been in a good atmosphere. Strong savages survive whilst feeble savages die; but may not the average savage live on with an enfeebled constitution? Thus it may possibly be the case that the tendency is to produce stronger men than ever existed before, although at the same

time to preserve a certain number of weak men. We cannot work out the problem; but Mr. Greg's argument does not seem to be exhaustive on this point. Again, he tells us that the rich and lazy classes are preserved at the expense of those just below them. But he also adds that these rich drones have a tendency to die out. Mr. Galton's ingenious explanation is well known—namely, that rich people marry heiresses, and that an heiress is, *ex vi termini*, a woman in whose family (to use the Irishism) childlessness is hereditary. But it is also true that this may be a natural consequence of the success of rich families in rearing sickly children. If the heir happens to be weakly, his descendants will die out, whilst perhaps the collateral branches are flourishing at a lower social level. Thus the evil tends to correct itself; and the degenerate rich are preserved only for a time. At the other end of the scale, again, it is true that the poor and reckless breed quickest; but may they not also die fastest; and, if so, which tendency is predominant? The case of America, generally quoted, seems to be scarcely in point, because it refers to an exceptional state of things. The Irishman may multiply more quickly than the native, who insists upon maintaining a higher standard of comfort. The reason is, that in America there is, and has been for many years, a social state in which there is an almost unlimited demand for rough labour, and a very limited demand for the higher kinds of skilled labour. It is no wonder that the supply has accommodated itself to the demand, and that the rich man has refused to multiply so fast when he can only do it by lowering his standard of comfort and sinking into the class beneath him. That is an incident of a new country rather than of the social or political order of things, and may perhaps disappear in time. We cannot of course pronounce any opinion upon such questions, which require not merely much acute reasoning, but a great deal of patient observation to do them justice. We have merely endeavoured to indicate some parts of Mr. Greg's interesting argument where it seems to us that there is still need of more cautious inquiry.

VILMESSANT'S MEN OF MY TIME.*

M. DE VILMESSANT in the preface to this second series of his *Memoirs*, which may be regarded as a distinct work, tells us that it is not his intention to undertake a serious study of this or that personage, a sort of work for which he does not feel that he has the necessary qualifications. He proposes simply to give anecdotes which will paint his subjects better than any description he might be able to elaborate. Born a talker, with an instinctive horror for pen and paper, he would never have undertaken the work without the assistance of a literary associate, M. Ph. Gille, who has taken the trouble to put his rough *causeries* into shape. The author has simply followed his memory wherever it chose to lead him, without any attempt at orderly arrangement, and with no pretension beyond that of being intelligible. His only aim, he tells us, is to be interesting. His description of his literary workmanship is perfectly exact. M. de Villemessant produces readable printed talk, but nothing that can be called literature; he succeeds, however, completely in the aim which he proposes to himself, and has produced with the aid of his collaborateur one of the most interesting volumes which have issued from the French press since the interval of silence caused by the national disasters.

M. de Villemessant has gone on the excellent principle of speaking only of men well known to him, and of writing, even about these, as little as possible from knowledge derived through others. The consequence is that all he tells us has an air of freshness and authenticity which may be taken as an ample compensation for any want of completeness. The work is merely a collection of notes made from memory; but these notes bring his personages before us in the reality of actual life. Here and there we have detected inaccuracies of detail, but so far as our own knowledge enables us to judge we can confirm the general truth of character in these sketches. The author himself keeps in the background, except when he speaks of the Count of Chambord, when we have a picture of two figures, the Legitimist sovereign and his literary courtier. The other four sketches are those of Villemot, Solar, Roqueplan, and Alexandre Dumas.

All persons who have been accustomed to read the principal French newspapers during the last ten years will remember Auguste Villemot. He was the most interesting of *chroniqueurs*, and one of the most respectable. He always wrote like a witty and accomplished gentleman, which he was, and had such genuine good feeling that he never made an enemy. Auguste Villemot's art was that of talking on paper as a man gifted with the most delightful conversational talents would talk in the society of his friends. Nothing was more remote from Villemot's early plans of life than to earn his living by the pen. He had no thought of writing, and was not even aware that he possessed any literary faculty whatever when M. de Villemessant begged him to write for a journal that he intended to establish. Villemot at that time was secretary to the Theatre of the Porte-Saint-Martin, and used frequently to go to the café belonging to that place of entertainment, where Villemessant heard him talk, and "thought, if he would only write down his talk on paper what a journalist he would be!" Villemot laughed heartily when this idea was suggested to him. How should he ever write, he who had never

used his pen except for the common details of business? But when the *Figaro* was founded the editor went to him in earnest, and said, "The great day has come, you must write me a *causerie* for my first number." Poor Villemot was astounded; he had taken the previous overtures as a joke, but the temptation of twenty francs per article decided him. French journalists in those days were not very handsomely remunerated, and Villemot's income as secretary to the theatre was not large enough to make him disdain anything that would perceptibly increase it.

Following his friend's good advice, the newly-discovered *chroniqueur* wrote just as if he were speaking to his friends in the café, and soon won a reputation. He remained all his life a bachelor, and was a regular diner-out, being valued for the great charm of his society. This habit of his powerfully helped him in his literary work, which, though often full of wise reflections, was based upon the current anecdotes of the day. His own stories were often as good as any that he heard—this one, for example. When secretary at the theatre he had to receive manuscript plays offered by aspirants in dramatic authorship, and he remarked that young writers were always wanting in novelty, so that he soon got tired of reading their compositions, and generally threw them aside. One day a young dramatist came to inquire what had been decided as to a play that he had offered. Villemot had not even opened it, but, to get rid of the author, said that after reading it he had come to the conclusion that the style would not be suitable for that particular theatre—the style was perhaps even too good; in a word, he added, "Il faut s'habituer à écrire comme on parle." As the aspirant did not seem easily disconcerted, Villemot tried to finish him by affirming that the arrangement was wanting in interest. Hereupon his visitor coolly took the manuscript from the desk, unrolled the rose-coloured ribbon that bound it, and displayed a roll of perfectly white paper. The story ends well, for Villemot promised on his honour to read whatever should be presented to him by the same author, and subsequently recommended a play of his to the Odéon, where it turned out a success.

Several of Villemot's stories are given in these notes. Here is one of them, rather lugubrious:—

Un bâtiment porte une troupe d'opéra destinée à Rio-Janeiro. L'impresario avait juré qu'il n'emmenait qu'un ténor, à qui il réservait des appointements fabuleux; un jour, sur le pont, les chanteurs se hasardaient à vocaliser: ils s'arrêtèrent, se regardant stupéfaits, et se reconnaissant tous pour des ténors!

Bien vite ils courent à l'impresario, le couvrent d'épithètes déshabillantes. Celui-ci s'excuse, et pour raison finale, leur affirme que dans les huit jours de leur arrivée à destination, trois d'entre eux mourront du *véritable* *negro*, que deux autres décideront pendant les répétitions, et que celui qui survivra sera son ténor définitif.

There is a capital story about M. Bixio and his friend Durand, rather long, but it may bear abridgment. Durand was a clerk in the civil service, a model husband, with a very affectionate yet jealous wife, who, dreading the temptations of the capital, would not allow him more than the time strictly necessary to make his way home from his office. M. Bixio met him one evening as he was coming rapidly back to the conjugal dinner, took possession of him, and made him dine at Véfour's in a way fit for Lucullus. The wines were various and excellent, the conversation most animated, and, notwithstanding the warnings of his conscience, Durand permitted himself to be led first to a cigar shop and afterwards to the theatre. Then Bixio, acting the part of a perfect Mephistopheles, suggests that, as a conjugal scene is inevitable, his friend may just as well see the play out as not. Durand assents to this, is absorbed in the interest of the performance, and Bixio leaves him in the theatre, promising a speedy return. He employs his absence in driving rapidly to his friend's house, sees Madame Durand, and says he has come for her husband. The lady's anger is perceptible enough. Bixio employs polite expressions, apparently soothing, but intended to produce a very different effect, and so he leaves her, still in perfect ignorance of the truth, and tormented with increasing suspicions. Returning to the theatre he resumes possession of his victim, takes him at the conclusion of the performance to eat ices at Tortoni's, and keeps him there till the waiters close the shutters and begin to talk of police regulations. Then Bixio recommends his friend to go home at once, when he finds his wife colder than Tortoni's ices, and renders an account of his evening:—

— Votre histoire est admirablement inventée, et jamais je ne vous eusse supposé tant d'imagination, dit Madame Durand, en s'avancant à petits pas, mais menaçante, vers le sous-chef, étonné de la durée de sa résistance.

— Mais je te ferai dire par Bixio.

— Vraiment, mon ami, vous n'avez pas de bonheur; vous connaissez à peu près deux cents personnes à Paris.

— Au moins, fait le sous-chef.

— Eh bien, sur ces deux cents personnes au moins, ajoute lentement Madame Durand, vous choisissez justement M. Bixio.

— Oui, interrompit Durand.

— Qui a passé une partie de la soirée avec moi!

— C'est impossible!

— C'est tellement possible que M. Bixio lui-même a été indigné de vos débordements.

Un froid passa dans la cervelle de Durand; il se demanda s'il était fou.

The worst of it was that, notwithstanding all M. Bixio's protestations, Madame Durand never changed her opinion, which shows that it is easier to do harm than to undo it. Even after she became a widow she still believed that on the morning after that fatal night there had been collusion between Bixio and his friend to remove her just suspicions.

M. de Villemessant does not seem to be aware of a terrible trick which Bixio once played upon Auguste Villemot himself. They

* *Les Hommes de mon Temps. Deuxième série des Mémoires d'un Journaliste.* Par H. de Villemessant. Paris: Dentu.

were at a seaport town together, and Bixio engaged his friend to visit a steamer, where he left him under some pretext. The steamer started immediately for America with Villemot on board. He got back, after a short experience of the sea, in another vessel. Still they were the best of friends. M. Bixio, who was an excellent man of business, and had accumulated a very large fortune, took care of Villemot's money matters, and when he died it was with Villemot's hand in his.

M. de Villemessant is not quite accurate in his anecdote of M. Bixio's wound. He had received a medical education, and took an interest in the immediate effect of wounds. In June 1848 he received a musket-ball from a barricade, which struck him in the breast. There was a theory that men so wounded always fell forward. According to M. de Villemessant M. Bixio said, "Tiens, c'est vrai!" as he fell. The writer of the present article knew M. Bixio intimately, and has heard him tell the story differently. He had time to think "I will not fall if I can possibly help it," and, though he turned round on his feet like a teetotum, his strength of will enabled him to run some distance. He possessed heroic energy and resolution, in which he resembled his brother, the Italian general. We may add that, notwithstanding a boyish love of fun, M. Bixio had a most manly and generous nature. Of the six thousand people who followed him to the grave no one knows how many he had aided, and he did it always with the most admirable delicacy and tact. We are glad to see that M. de Villemessant, in spite of wide differences of opinion, speaks respectfully of this remarkable man, who possessed in the supreme degree the qualities of courage, and energy, and kindness.

Poor Villemot died of cerebral congestion at the beginning of the siege of Paris. All his friends attributed this accident to his intense anxiety about France and the capital. It is pleasant to know that his pen kept him in great pecuniary prosperity. He will be remembered, at least during one generation, as the model of *chroniqueurs*, who always knew how to be interesting without forgetting the respect due to his reader and to himself.

The utter unscrupulousness of the Bohemian literary world of Paris has never been better illustrated than in a story told in this book of Félix Solar, one of the founders of the *Époque* newspaper. By way of advertisement Solar and his intimates persuaded the proprietors of the paper to have a gigantic chariot, which was to parade the streets of Paris during the Carnival of 1847. On this chariot were to be grouped a number of butchers' boys, apprentices, &c., dressed up to represent the characters in a novel of Paul Féval, *Le Fils du Diable* (then in course of publication in the newspaper which had to be advertised), whilst others were to stand for the different *corps d'état* who live by printing. Some timid souls objected to the enormity of the outlay, but their objections were overruled, and the thing was decided upon. On the Saturday everything seemed to be definitively settled, and the next day, Sunday, the chariot was to begin its rounds, and circulate in the streets till the Tuesday following. Suddenly it was perceived that an indispensable personage was wanting—namely, a female character to represent some Olympian divinity. Here a great practical difficulty stood in the way, for on the one hand few respectable ladies would be likely to undertake the duties of the situation, whilst on the other it was impossible to engage a woman belonging to the non-virtuous classes, because there happened at that time to be in Paris an austere moral prefect of police, M. Delessert, who had absolutely interdicted any public exhibition in the least offensive to propriety. It was not only necessary to have a woman, but a fine woman; for she would have to exhibit herself on the very top of the chariot, with a sceptre in her hand and a gilt crown on her head, she being the indispensable artistic summit of the composition. The staff of the newspaper found themselves in a state of hopeless embarrassment, when a servant announced that a lady who only spoke English desired to see M. Solar. He examined the card she had sent in, and found on the back of it a few words of recommendation from Charles Dickens. In the course of the interview which followed, the English lady, who was a very fine-looking person, declared herself to be a literary aspirant who wished to have a manuscript novel translated and published in Solar's newspaper. Just as she was going away a bright idea occurred to the Frenchman, and he begged her to stay a little longer, whilst he explained that there was a certain freemasonry amongst the brotherhood of letters in Paris into which it was necessary that she should be initiated:—

— Mais je ferai tout ce qu'il faudra !

— Eh bien, apprenez que demain tous les littérateurs français et quelques sommités étrangères, Hugo, Balzac, Dumas, Scribe, Musset, E. Sue, Th. Gautier, Lamartine, Meyerbeer, Alphonse Karr, Paul de Kock, Litz, Thalberg, Roger de Beauvoir, tous enfin désireux de donner des marques de sympathie à mon journal, se réunissent en une superbe cavalcade, et, déguisés en personnages de l'œuvre gigantesque de Paul Féval, *le Fils du Diable*, que nous publions, vont traverser Paris, les uns à cheval, les autres sur un char splendide fourni par la Société des gens de lettres.

— Mais quel rapport ? . . . fit l'Anglaise avec anxiété.

— Un rapport tout naturel : s'il vous était donné de figurer dans cette touchante manifestation, vous vous trouveriez en relation avec toutes les gloires littéraires de la France ; dès-lors vous ne seriez plus une inconnue pour aucun de ces messieurs, et comme votre nom serait publié avec les leurs par les journaux qui rendront compte de cette fête, je pourrais . . .

In short, if we are to believe M. de Villemessant, this unfortunate lady mounted the chariot dressed as an Olympian divinity, in the full persuasion that the men in costume around her were all literary celebrities with whom she had the honour to be associated. Solar had placed a confederate by her side, to answer all her questions, and as she could not speak French, her illusion remained complete. "I should never have supposed,"

she observed to Solar the next day, "that all those great men were so gay and so unaffected. Meyerbeer and Balzac did nothing but eat bread and sausage all day long, and as for Scribe and Victor Hugo, they stopped the car at every wine-shop." We are told that our confiding countrywoman was never undeceived ; and M. de Villemessant assures us that the story is not an invention.

There are some amusing pages about a mania which is the chronic disease of the present age—that of taking shares in speculations which people know nothing whatever about. Country curés and others who know just as little of business will invest their money in Californian companies and speculations of an equally hazardous description. M. de Villemessant gives a short correspondence he once had with a priest, which is a good sample of this kind of infatuation. He sent six francs for his subscription to the *Chronique*, and at the same time enclosed a bank-note for 1,000 francs to be invested in Californian companies as M. de Villemessant might see fit. His correspondent replied that the companies were all managed by thieves, and returned the note. The curé wrote again, saying that he thanked M. de Villemessant very much for his information, and therefore desired to invest only 500 francs, which he enclosed. Nothing can altogether damp the ardour of the determined purchaser of shares. M. de Villemessant has a theory that "l'actionnaire est naturellement disposé à la perte." There is a story of a shareholder named M. de Noujon, in a newspaper called the *Cabinet de Lecture*, who, having been accustomed to pay at every meeting of shareholders, had at last to receive a dividend, and was so put out of his way by this unlooked-for revolution in long-established habits, that he took to his bed and died of it.

Nestor Roqueplan, like other theatrical managers, had a horror of reading or hearing plays that were presented to him, and in his case this feeling was so invincibly strong that he could not even listen to works by authors of acknowledged wit and ability. When Siraudin and Dumanoir had composed the *Vendetta*, they could not prevail upon Roqueplan to hear it read. However, one day they learned that he was idling at Auteuil, went there to catch him, and found him seated at the foot of a great tree in his garden, fast asleep. There was a swing not far off ; they took the rope, and bound him to the tree. Of course he awoke, and seeing two authors at once understood his position. "I see what it is," he said, "you are going to read to me." And they quietly proceeded to inflict upon him the whole play, after which Siraudin, who had come provided with paper and ink, made him sign the contract, disengaging one arm for that purpose. The piece was very successful, and Roqueplan used to pretend that he had read it voluntarily. One characteristic of Roqueplan might be imitated with advantage by some of our contemporaries. He had the greatest regard for the purity of the French language, and used to correct his friends when they employed slang and undignified abbreviations.

M. de Villemessant, when he came to Paris from the banks of the Loire at the age of twenty-one, had found means of establishing a *Journal de Modes* called the *Sylphide*; many devices were resorted to for the purpose of giving prosperity to this publication. Amongst other luminous and original ideas, he thought of inviting his subscribers to a concert. Being intimately acquainted with Henri Herz, he begged to be allowed to rent a part or the whole of his rooms for an evening. Herz refused to let the rooms, but kindly offered to lend them, so that the only remaining difficulty was to find the performers. The musical stars were engaged without much difficulty, but Villemessant reflected that there was a man in Paris whose mere presence for a few minutes would be of more value than all the musicians put together. That man was Alexandre Dumas, just then in the full freshness of his fame. Villemessant sent emissaries to the great man, and received a positive promise that he would make his appearance in the room. Thus did he exhibit a literary lion in order to increase the circulation of the *Sylphide*. The room was crowded. Nobody looked at the platform, everybody watched the door. At length the rumour spread that Dumas had descended from his carriage, and the excitement of expectation was at its height. When he entered all the house rose to receive him. "Jamais souverain pénétrant dans une salle de spectacle n'a produit un tel effet." If he spoke to any one, the happy mortal became the centre of all the opera-glasses.

Dumas at that time was the most astonishing figure in European literature. His immense productivity, his uniform and dazzling success in everything he attempted, his prodigality in work and pleasure, the amazing exuberance of his rich nature, gave him a sort of legendary and fabulous celebrity. Everybody read his novels, and the *élite* of Paris went to see his plays ; there was such magic in his mere name that his signature ensured the attention of an enormous public. Physically, too, he had a striking aspect:—

De même que l'écrivain réunissait en lui toutes aptitudes, l'homme était comme un échantillon de la perfection physique de plusieurs races : il avait du nègre la chevelure crépue et les lèvres épaisses, ou l'élément européen avait déposé le sourire fin et spirituel ; de la race méridionale il avait la vivacité du geste et de la parole ; de la race du Nord, la solide structure et les larges épaules ; une taille à faire trembler de jalousie, un garde du corps russe, avec l'élégance française en plus.

Although Dumas was the type of a *faiseur* in literature, he really had great gifts. His memory and invention were alike prodigious, his rapid facility unrivalled. But this exuberance, which in his literary production was altogether favourable, was disastrous in his pecuniary affairs. He was the most incurably extravagant

man who ever lived in the actual world of reality. No author setting to work to invent a perfect prodigal ever conceived a being more prodigal than he. One little story paints him as well as the most laborious description. He went one day to Millaud the publisher, and said that he wanted three thousand francs on account towards the price of a future novel. Millaud consented on condition that Dumas should be shut up in his cabinet till he had written the first two chapters. In three hours Millaud delivered his prisoner and the two chapters were finished. Dumas immediately asked for twenty-five louis. Nothing remained to him of the three thousand francs except two pieces of gold. How had he managed to spend it? Millaud's cabinet had a little back-door which he had forgotten to lock. Dumas had gone out, certainly not for long—that was clear from the amount of work he had got through—still he had managed to get rid of all his money. Once he stopped at a friendly door and asked to borrow a hundred francs. As he was leaving the house he admired a pot of gherkins, which his friend immediately presented to him. The servant-girl carried them to his cab, and he gave her the hundred francs. He did exactly the same thing at a house well known to the writer of this article, where he gave all he had just borrowed to the servant who carried him a pot of preserves. The wealth of the Rothschilds could not have resisted habits of that kind, and when Dumas died he left just twenty francs behind him—he who had earned millions by his splendid talents and energy.

The last figure in M. de Villemessant's entertaining volume is that of the Count of Chambord. The chapter about him is highly curious as an illustration of what goes on in the little Court of a fallen dynasty. It is difficult to imagine any human career more entirely unsatisfactory than that of the heir to a dethroned family, constantly receiving visitors who come with the same tiresome and melancholy flatteries. When Henri V., however, receives M. de Villemessant he enjoys the variety of an entirely original description of courtiership. The editor of the *Figaro* adores the chief of the Bourbons, but he adores him with a frankness all his own. He tells the Count, for example, point-blank, what a handsome face he has got, but adds that, were he as ugly as Crémieux, he, Villemessant, would still be faithful to his Legitimist principles, adding nevertheless that he likes Henri V. better as he is. To which Henri V. readily answers, "Moi aussi." No American interviewer ever went beyond that.

CYRILLA.*

THE story is told how a Governor-General on arriving in India, overcome with the length of the documents which he found he should have to read, directed that with each report an abstract should be sent. "In time perhaps," he added, "we shall be able to do without the report altogether." In like manner we could wish that all novelists, when they send us their three volumes for our notice, could at the same time furnish us with an abstract of their story and an analysis of their plot. In time, we might add, we also should be able to do without the novel altogether. Many advantages would follow from this plan. The novelist himself would not be the least to gain. In the first place he would escape the risk he now runs of having his story greatly misunderstood. At present, what with the flood of words in which the author's meaning with difficulty rises to the surface, and what with the long strides, as over stepping-stones, with which the critic crosses it, there is a great chance that the best parts of the story may be missed altogether, and that some dreadful error may be made as regards the very plot. We will confess that at times, as we have gone with the longest of strides, or rather of skips, through the dullest of novels, we have been sorely puzzled to find what, for instance, the hero has done to come within an ace of being hanged, or why the heroine, instead of choosing bonnets for her bridesmaids, is thinking of drowning herself. By long practice indeed one may gain a wonderful power of judicious skipping, and as huntsmen who know a country well can, by a short cut here and a short cut there, save themselves many a turn, so we by our sagacity are enabled to know in a moment when the author is going to make an idle digression, and when therefore, by leaving his track, we can take up the story a chapter or two further on. Nevertheless, like the most knowing of huntsmen, we may now and then be mistaken, and may find ourselves in some woful confusion. With an abstract of the plot to guide us, we should be saved from such errors as this, while the author would be able not only to keep us from some grievous blunder, but also to draw our notice to the choicest parts of his story. He could, by enlarging on the merits of one chapter, artfully keep us from noticing the dreariness of other chapters; just as at Southport the visitor whose eye is seen to be resting on the waste of muddy sand has his attention at once diverted to the unusual excellence of the bathing-machines, which will carry him to the sea in the remote distance. Besides this great gain, it may not seldom happen that when an author tries to make this abstract of his story, and sees the absurdities which, spread over three long volumes, had almost escaped his notice, now brought all within the space of a few pages, he will be so ashamed of his novel that he will pitch it and the abstract into the fire. Even if, unfortunately, he should stop short of this, nevertheless he would try to prune his story, and, failing in courage to sentence the off-

spring of his brain to the fire, would not spare the knife. We must allow that many a writer would at first find it as hard to make an abstract as Mr. Chadwick C.B. would find it hard to make a short speech. Even this great social reformer, however, if he had from the first been "allowanced" in what came out of his mouth, as the paupers over whom he once presided were "allowanced" in what went into theirs, might by this time have learnt the art of brevity. Our writers, indeed, would have greater difficulty, for they would not, like him, have only nature to struggle against. For years they have considered it as the first part of their art to say in many words what they could have said in few, and so to stretch their thoughts as to make them cover three three hundred pages. As we were reflecting how few thoughts there are in these writers, and how many words there are to wait upon them, we were reminded of a passage in which Goldsmith describes his landing at Calais. He says:—

Upon landing two little trunks, which was all we carried with us, we were surprised to see fourteen or fifteen fellows all running down to the ship to lay their hands upon them; four got under each trunk, the rest surrounded and held the haps; and in this manner our little luggage was conducted, with a kind of funeral solemnity, till it was safely lodged at the custom-house. We were well enough pleased with the people's civility till they came to be paid; when every creature that had the happiness of but touching our trunks with their finger expected sixpence, and had so pretty civil a manner of demanding it that there was no refusing them.

In our novels also, if we are happy enough to be supplied with one or two little thoughts, are we not beset by the multitude of words that are required to bear them along, and do we not find that our payment for the book is estimated not by the weight of the thoughts, but by the number of words which can be made to take part in conveying them? By the way, when Goldsmith had got rid of his porters, he met a *calet de place*, who "spoke to me," as he says, "ten minutes before I once found that he was speaking English." Is not a further parallel to be traced here? Have we not all of us often read a modern novel for ten minutes without once finding out that the author was writing English?

With the English of *Cyrilla*, the novel before us, we have happily but little fault to find. We were alarmed, we will own, when in the first page we came to "this earth's periphery"; but as we read on we did not come to anything much finer than "derogatory to my dignity," or much more inaccurate than "alloepath." It was its vast length, however, that made us think about an abstract, and long for the powers of a Governor-General. Long as it is, we learn from the preface that, "at the recommendation of judicious friends," some chapters have been omitted. Lord Chesterfield in one of his letters says that though he had many a friend so close to him that he could venture to tell him he had committed a crime, he never had one so close that he could venture to tell him he had committed a folly. We are rather inclined to wonder, therefore, with respectful admiration at the audacity of these judicious friends who have managed to get a few chapters lopped off, than to censure them for not venturing to tell the author that she should begin by running her pen through three lines of every four. The book as it at present stands contains 579 closely printed pages, and, if the lines were placed end on end, considerably more than a mile of reading. So long indeed is the story, that a slow reader gifted with only an ordinary memory might well have forgotten the beginning before he reached the end, and just as boys when they have come to the end of a slide run back to begin it over again, so might he, each time he came to the end of his book, with undiminished zest begin again at the first page. The story indeed is not without interest or merit. For some forty or fifty pages we read steadily on, and though we wondered how the adventures of one maiden could be made to fill so vast a space, still we were, if somewhat alarmed, yet at the same time interested. So too at a dinner-party, we have for some fifteen minutes or so enjoyed the conversation of the lady sitting next to us, not however without alarm when we asked ourselves how such conversation as that could be made to fill three whole hours. By the time we had reached the fiftieth page we were fairly getting weary, but when we reached the hundredth we were almost in despair. Yet how happy it would be if all women could find an outlet for their loquacity in writing! We never come across one of these lady novelists whose pen runs away with them without feeling thankful that it is their pen and not their tongue. The nicest devotion to the fair sex, while it does not allow us, as we have often longed, to request our neighbour at the dinner-table to leave off talking and to take to drinking, yet fortunately permits us to treat their written words with the utmost coolness. How pleasant it is to feel that if a lady chooses to be tedious, yet she cannot, so long as she writes, bestow it, in Dogberry fashion, all on us! How thankful we feel when we come across page after page full of passages about as interesting as the following extract, for the rapidity with which the eye can travel!—

The day before Engelmann and his children left Freilands, Cyrilla took a last very long walk with them. It was the beginning of August, the weather unusually sultry even for that time of year, and she was afterwards proportionally fatigued; but the Bellegardes came to spend the evening—exertion was necessary—it was made, and not the slightest flagging of spirits or lassitude was suffered to become apparent. She consoled the children, when taking leave, by promising to see them in the morning, and accompanied them out of the drawing-room when they went to bed; but on returning to it through the music-room, which had lately been quite deserted, and was then but faintly lighted by the lamps from the other apartments, she threw herself on one of the low luxuriously-cushioned divans, intending to rest for a quarter of an hour, and overcome by weakness and weariness, fell fast asleep.

* *Cyrilla*. A Novel. By the Baroness Tautphoeus, Author of "The Initials." London: Bentley & Son. 1872.

Still, in spite of the wearisomeness of such passages as these, it would not be difficult to make a really good story of the book. A few more of its author's "judicious friends," each provided with a pair of scissors or a paint-brush and indian ink, would in a few hours make a wonderful literary improvement. A story is told of a man who professed to teach for the modest sum of sixpence the art of making a pair of shoes in five minutes. When he had got round him a great number of learners, and had placed his sixpences in a place of safety, he produced a great pair of boots, and an equally great pair of scissors. In a moment he cut the tops off the boots, made a few incisions, inserted some strings, and behold, in less than the five minutes, there was his promised pair of shoes. It would certainly take more than five minutes to cut down this unwieldy novel to a light, handy story; but, nevertheless, the process would be equally successful. The scene of the story is laid in Germany, and the descriptions of German life are often lively and interesting. The dialogues too are at times clever. As we have quoted one of the duller passages, we will make some amends by showing what the author can do when she forgets to be tedious. There is nothing perhaps very much in the following passage. Nevertheless it, and not a few passages in the book like it, have that kind of liveliness which would tell very well on the stage. We must state, by way of explanation, that the President, the hero's uncle and the heroine's brother-in-law, is very anxious in an early part of the book to bring about that match between them which it takes in the end the mile and more of close print happily to effect:—

"Yes, Cyrilla; I admire Rupert almost as much as I do you. I never saw two people more like in person, mind, and disposition than you are."

"Our relationship makes the resemblance very natural," said Cyrilla, while she beckoned to Rupert, who just then perceived her.

"The relationship might be nearer," began the President.

"I wish it were," said Cyrilla.

"Well, that's candid," he rejoined, with a mixed look of surprise and satisfaction.

"Good morning, dear Rupert!" she cried, bounding towards him, and placing her arm within his; "I have just been saying how I wish you were my brother."

"Humph!" murmured the President, "that was not at all what I meant."

We can easily believe that *Cyrilla* will be a popular novel, for, after all, even where it is most tedious, it is not half so tedious as those letters which women both send off and receive with so much delight; and moreover there is in it a great deal of most complicated love-making. Every one in the story has got either engaged or married to the wrong person, excepting the heroine's second sister, who happily is saved from either one fate or the other by receiving in one day two proposals for marriage. Before she had had time to accept the hand of the man she did not like—and she was on the point of so doing—happily the man she did like just in time offered her his. The heroine herself, as she and the hero were so well fitted for each other, was only kept for 579 closely printed pages from marrying him by the most ingenious complications. So bad, indeed, did her prospects look at one time, that we should have begun to despair had we not remembered that in a novel the more determined the author is on marrying two people in the end the more hindrances are always thrown in their way in the middle of the story. We took comfort also from the fact that, while the good hero, though unfortunate, was in the soundest of health, the wicked hero in the midst of his prosperity was troubled with a bleeding from the nose or mouth. Weakened by this, and with his villainy in the end found out, he disappears from the story "with the expression of such intense jealousy, that his face, in all its perfect symmetry, might have been mistaken for that of a demon." Whether he gets drowned in a lake hard by, as is rather hinted, or dies of bleeding, we are not told. Nay, even we are not in so many words directly told that the hero and heroine marry. The author apparently begins to think that her story is already too long, and will not add even a 580th page to the glory of the bride and bridesmaids. Dr. Johnson, when asked by a translator of Pindar if he did not think his version a good one, replied, "I do not say, sir, but that a very good translation might be made of it." In like manner we will say of *Cyrilla*, "we do not say but that a very good novel might be made of it."

AMERICAN ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORIES.*

AMERICAN writers on ecclesiastical history are in the position of men who look back on battles which have been fought long ago, with a sense that, in their case, the great day of fighting has yet to come. No religious community has taken its ultimate place in America; indeed the rivalry which is the natural prelude of an earnest struggle may be said to have scarcely developed itself. The dissociation of classes is far enough advanced in the United States to be introducing dissociation in education, and on that will follow dissociation of thought on religion and

other things. At present the land is large enough for all sects and Churches, but if the precedents of history may be trusted, this state of things will not last. It is to be hoped that, if ever the Western world is divided by a great war of religious opinion, it may repeat in one respect the issue of the late civil war, by showing to a defeated heresiarch at least as much mercy as has been shown to Mr. Jefferson Davis.

The two works before us both emanate from that American communion which is a daughter of the Church of England. On the tone of their episcopacy something will be said hereafter, but it may be at once observed of both that they are not exceptionally able productions. They imply a great deal of reading and condensing, but have not a touch of originality. The most interesting features in them are those which have least to do with the ecclesiastical history of the past, and which indicate, often quite unintentionally, some peculiarity in the position of their writers. If we try to draw out a little the differences between the two histories, their essential and unstudied resemblance will become the more apparent.

Dr. Milo Mahan, whose book only covers the first seven centuries of ecclesiastical history, is no longer alive, and his work is partly posthumous. When a living and a working man he rejoiced for some time in the sounding title of S. Mark's-in-the-Bowery Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the General Theological Seminary, New York. Dr. Mahan's intention in writing this book was to escape from the defect incidental to most text-books, and, instead of giving an aggregation of facts nicely arranged and labelled, to follow the natural order of that living chain of events by which history explains and justifies itself. His capacity for appreciating sequence of facts might be prematurely doubted by readers who find in his preface that he thought the maxim *solitur ambulando* had something to do with the onward march of history; but in reality the tone of his whole work is cautious, keeping him about equally clear from brilliant success and from startling failure. Unlike many English divines who are accepted as moderate High Churchmen, Dr. Mahan clings to the strictest theory of verbal inspiration. Thus, when it is doubted whether our Lord, speaking in Aramaic, could have made the distinction which many commentators recognize in the Greek of Matt. xvi. 18 between *Petra*, a rock, and *Petros*, a stone, Dr. Mahan replies that, whatever words Our Lord may have used, the Greek of the New Testament is the language of the Holy Ghost, and that if the Holy Ghost calls Simon *Petros*, and the rock on which the Church was built *Petra*, we ought to adhere to the distinction. On the subject of endowments it would not be surprising to find an American Churchman with a strong view. Having little experience of them, he might easily exaggerate either their good or their evil side; but Dr. Mahan looks at them as calmly as if he were quite used to them, and leaves it doubtful whether the Imperial protection and patronage of Constantine were beneficial or hurtful to the Church. Like many grave and careful writers he is very apt to be dull; and in a work of such gravity he would naturally be amusing only by mistake. Once—and we are inclined to think once only—he gives us a fair occasion for indulging in a smile at the expense of our American cousins. At the close of the Book of Genesis Jacob predicts that Benjamin shall ravin as a wolf; that in the morning he shall devour the prey, and at night he shall divide the spoil. Several of the Fathers thought that this prediction applied to St. Paul, who before his conversion devastated the Church, and in later life brought home the spoils of the Gentiles. Dr. Mahan gives a more modern turn to the same idea, observing that the tense and uncompromising spirit of St. Paul, ever on the alert, never taken at fault, keen, fiery, and almost fierce in its rapidity of movement, caused the name of the Benjamite wolf to cleave to him in a complimentary sense. He proceeds to remark that to the old religious mind all God's creatures had something beautiful and good in them, so that the serpent, lion, eagle, and wolf, were as often symbols of good as of evil. In this respect, he proceeds, the modern mind is less genial than the ancient, more apt to look at the eagle's claws than at his heaven-piercing eye. How vividly these few words bring the great American bird before us! How they reproach us if we are inclined to complain that, in pursuit of her manifest destiny, this mother of many eaglets shows a disposition to make vigorous use of beak and talon! And yet, perhaps, if this view of the subject is the true one, and our observation of the eagle-piercing eye ought to call our attention off from the rapacious claws, it is rather hard to make England pay more than three millions on account of the destructive energy which some of these eaglets have displayed towards others of their kin.

We may now pass from Dr. Mahan to Dr. Butler, who is Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Divinity School of the Protestant Episcopal Church, West Philadelphia, and, having some years since carried down his work in one volume to the thirteenth century, has now in a second volume reached the nineteenth. Dr. Butler advances no higher claim for his history than that of a compilation, and even as a compilation it cannot be ranked very high. It is divided into short paragraphs in a manner which interferes with continuous reading, and the index is so miserably defective as to be, for many purposes, a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. The arrangement of the work is often perplexed and inconsequent; thus the Council of Constance is treated of at some length without reference to Huss; the martyrdom of Huss is soon afterwards mentioned incidentally as one of the causes of the Bohemian war; and at an interval of fifty pages comes the account of his death, quite out of place, and curiously centering the

* *A Church History of the First Seven Centuries, to the close of the Sixth General Council.* By Milo Mahan, D.D., sometime S. Mark's-in-the-Bowery Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the General Theological Seminary, New York. London, Oxford, and Cambridge: Rivingtons. New York: Pott, Young, & Co.

An Ecclesiastical History: First Series, from the First to the Thirteenth Century; Second Series, from the Thirteenth to the Nineteenth Century. By the Rev. C. M. Butler, D.D., Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Divinity School of the Protestant Episcopal Church, West Philadelphia. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

history. Like Dr. Mahan, Dr. Butler is cautious rather than bold. As he carries down his narrative almost to the present day, he comes frequently on subjects of which the interest is distinctly modern, and on such occasions he rarely or never loses his moderation. The Reformation, considered as a great movement of the European mind, he scarcely attempts to characterize; but viewing it in connexion with English history, he praises God that the cause does not rest on the personal character of Henry VIII. Of Laud he declines speaking distinctly in language of his own, but quotes other writers who are far from agreeing about the Archbishop and his sentence, and leaves readers to judge between them. After drawing a picture of Charles I. which is the reverse of flattering, he tells us that, according to the sober verdict of history, his execution was both a blunder and a crime. The character of Cromwell he describes as an historical enigma, which is perhaps truly solved by the popular impression that he changed, gradually and almost imperceptibly to himself, from a pious and patriotic citizen into a hypocritical and selfish tyrant. But on one point Dr. Butler is clear; Cromwell may have outgrown his fanaticism, but he never lost his hatred of Episcopacy. When writing about his own communion in America Dr. Butler shrinks from all excess of plain-speaking. We should have been glad if he had told us definitely what he thought of the removal of the Athanasian Creed from its services. All, however, that he is pleased to tell us on that head is that in 1789 "the Prayer-book received certain modifications, some of which had long been desired by many eminent bishops and divines in the English Church"; or elsewhere, with perhaps a somewhat nearer approach to distinctness, that the Liturgy of the American Church "is substantially the same as that of the Church of England; the changes that have been made in it have been such as to prevent repetitions, to shorten the service, and to remove some obsolete and some doctrinally objectionable phraseology which many of the most eminent divines in the Church of England have desired to see removed." Perhaps it is ominous that the last words of his book are "the further progress of mediæval ritualism"—a progress which Dr. Butler would gladly see arrested by gentle spiritual treatment.

Our two historians, it is clear, are at once alike and different—different in the aim, the extent, and the method of their works, but alike in a guarded moderation, springing, it would seem, less from a philosophical temper than from directly practical reasons, and adopted, in a large measure unconsciously, as best in harmony with their position as teachers in the American Church. It will be interesting, before dismissing them, to see how far they agree, and how far they differ, on the subject of Episcopacy—a subject, be it remembered, which they were under a directly polemical necessity of discussing. When Nathaniel Hawthorne was in England, he went on a pilgrimage to the Lincolnshire Boston, and very naturally made the acquaintance of the clergyman of the town, whom he describes as a kindly and courteous gentleman, a model English priest, "evidently assured of his position, as clergymen of the Established Church invariably are." If for "invariably" we read "very generally," the truth of Hawthorne's descriptive touch must be admitted; but it would be vain to pretend that the comfortable assurance of English clergymen in general has any close structural or doctrinal connexion with the episcopal bench. One thing which makes a country rector feel at ease is the fact that he is endowed and established; and the frequent intervention of his bishop, if legally possible, would be more apt to check this feeling than to increase it. An English Dean can sit quietly in his stall, and regard the whole ministry of the Christian Church as a divine afterthought; and Dr. Butler feels it necessary to contradict the proposition assumed, not indeed by an English, but by an Irish, Archbishop, that the form of the Christian Church and ministry is left to the regulation of each Church in each age and country. In England the clergy, as individuals, feel the support which is given them by a great and ancient institution, and they can afford, at any rate for a time, to be comparatively indifferent to the question on what basis that institution rests. It has stood for many centuries under a great variety of circumstances, and if its foundations are not homogeneous, that will be to many minds only a reason for leaving the foundations alone. Members of the Church of England, even dignified and official members, naturally doubt the expediency of disturbing the cohesion of the fabric in order to ascertain what parts are essential and what are not; whether it could exist without the State or without bishops; and what amount of departure from its present type would be in an extreme case allowable? Such questions are regarded as unpractical by many practical men, who cling to the Church of England as it is, and, provided it gives them shelter from doubt and room for sufficient movement, are not painfully curious as to the opinions of others, to whom also it affords an asylum. But the Protestant Episcopal Church of America is differently situated from the Church of England. We look for it in the "Public Ledger Almanac," published in Dr. Butler's city of Philadelphia, and with some difficulty find it honourably distinguished indeed by the number of its churches, institutions, and services, but holding a place of equality in the multitude of denominations between the United Presbyterians and the Reformed Church in America. The fact of its existence is not so palpable and prominent that it can afford to dispense with a distinct *raison d'être*. It is the Church of a minority, and, as such, is called upon to be aggressive, or at least to show cause why it should not be absorbed in other and larger communities. It lives and flourishes in virtue of its distinctiveness, not of its comprehensiveness,

and in being thoroughly loyal to bishops it is obviously loyal to itself.

Both Dr. Mahan and Dr. Butler accordingly are strenuous in their advocacy of Episcopacy as the legitimate form of Church government. Of the two writers, Dr. Mahan inclines to the higher view of the order. He calls bishops, without qualification, successors of the apostles, and employs Bishopric and Apostolate as convertible terms. In the bosom of a Republic he has made it a special distinction of bishops from other orders of the ministry that they give prominence to the kingly idea. But the office, he thinks, may be abused by the undue development of the principle of a local, diocesan, or independent episcopacy. The Bishop of St. Ignatius, according to some representations, has, he admits, very much the air of a spiritual autocrat. In Dr. Mahan's opinion the episcopate ought to have a *collegiate* character. Bishops ought to act in unison where the general interests of the Church are concerned; but in local matters they may show the utmost freedom and independence. The episcopate, we are encouraged to think, was formerly, and ought to be still, an element both of growth and solid influence in the Church, a polity at once flexible and strong, popular in its action, and yet conservative in its basis. Here we seem to have a view of Episcopacy suited to the Democratic principles prevalent at New York. There is an old-fashioned love of local self-government giving free range to variety of influences without admitting the practical supremacy of any.

Dr. Butler, on the other hand, in the political latitude of Philadelphia, writes more as a Republican to Republicans. He cannot quite make up his mind to allow bishops that amount of local independence which would be implied in their being strictly successors of the apostles. He holds that it does not necessarily follow from the divine institution of Episcopacy that bishops are successors of the Apostles in their *apostolic office*. The kingly idea does not find favour in his sight; on the contrary, he argues that the Episcopal Church organization is eminently Republican. He invites us to look at the administration of a diocese by an American bishop. The bishop, we are told, does not administer its affairs alone. A standing committee is appointed by the diocese, consisting usually equally of clergymen and laymen, without whose sanction he cannot admit a candidate for the ministry, cannot ordain him, cannot discipline or punish him. In short, to continue Dr. Butler's statement, the bishop can perform no governmental act without the assent of his committee, and then only according to written law—law made, not by his order, but by all the orders of the Church. It is clear that, according to this view, the legislative power is nearly supreme, the bishop being a dignified but rather unimportant personage, who presides over a boldly Republican arrangement by which almost anybody may prevent almost anybody else from doing almost anything.

On the whole the two works before us have an intelligible interpretation. They point to the American Church as a community deserving the support and sympathy of quiet, intelligent Christians; a support and sympathy which, in point of fact, it receives on a continually enlarging scale. But they do not point to the American Church as a strong, determined, advancing body, raising a commanding standard which the multitudes must observe and respect, and promising to become the great spiritual power of the Western world.

HINDU TRIBES AND CASTES.*

A FEW weeks ago we had occasion, in reviewing Muir's *Sanskrit Texts*, to notice the earliest records of the Hindu institution of caste. There we found that in the earliest times there were only three, or at most four, castes. Here Mr. Sherring presents us with a volume in which we behold the caste system in its modern development, the primary castes having become so divided and subdivided that they may be numbered by hundreds. This is the first attempt, we believe, to give anything like a general survey of the caste system as it exists in the Bengal Presidency. Ward, in his well-known work on the Hindus, entered into some details, and there is much valuable material in Sir Henry Elliot's *Glossary of Indian Terms*. There are also to be found scattered in the scientific journals connected with India many important monographs upon particular castes, but there has been no comprehensive work aiming at a complete description of caste in all its manifold varieties. Steele's *Laws and Customs of the Hindu Castes*, a book half a century old, gives most interesting and curious accounts of the customs and privileges of the castes in the Bombay Presidency; and upon the shelves of the Library of the East India Office there are some MS. vols., compiled about the end of the last century, full of valuable details concerning the castes in the Madras Presidency, and of that peculiar division into "right and left hand castes" of which little or nothing is known in other parts of India.

The almost infinite varieties and distinctions of caste might well deter the boldest inquirer from attempting anything like a history or full descriptive account of this peculiar institution. Whatever its merits, and however open to the censures of European enlightenment, the institution has taken a strong and tenacious hold upon the Hindu mind, and so far from there being any disposition among the mass of the people to shake off its trammels, the whole tendency seems to be towards the multiplication of its distinctions, its privileges, and its disabilities. Contact

* *Hindu Tribes and Castes as represented at Benares*. By the Rev. M. A. Sherring, M.A., LL.B. Lond., Author of "The Sacred City of the Hindus." Calcutta: Thacker, Spink, & Co. London: Trübner & Co.

with European civilization is doing something to undermine it, but as yet only the border has been reached. No doubt it is doomed to fall as knowledge spreads, but the prophet would be bold indeed who would venture to assign approximately any date when caste shall cease to be recognized and cherished among the Hindu races.

Mr. Sherring is a missionary at Benares, and is already favourably known as the author of a descriptive account of that city, *The Sacred City of the Hindus*. There is no other place in India which affords anything like the facilities and advantages for inquiries concerning the religion and institutions of the Hindus. Thither resort, as to a sacred centre, men of every caste and of every province, and "perhaps no city in the world draws to itself such a motley assemblage of tribes and tongues." Mr. Sherring appears to have taken full advantage of his favourable position, and by means of personal inquiries and diligent reading he has brought together a mass of information "more or less trustworthy." His book is, as he declares, "simply tentative." No doubt there are in it many errors and more deficiencies; still it presents an excellent general description of the present condition of the caste system, and provides a broad basis for the prosecution of local investigations among the various castes in their respective homes.

The work of course begins with the Brahmins, and the space devoted to them occupies rather more than one-fourth of the whole volume. The Brahmin, intellectually and physically, is thus described:—

Endowed with an extremely subtle, rather than with a powerful, mind—which by long habit, perpetuated from age to age and from family to family, he has trained to the utmost keenness—dogmatic, self-willed, pertinacious, and supremely arrogant and vain, he has, in turn, encountered and beaten the intellects of all the other tribes, and has obtained the position of a victor with whom it is [or, rather, has been] considered to be hopeless infatuation to contend. . . . Light of complexion, his forehead ample, his countenance of striking significance, his lips thin, and mouth expressive, his eyes quick and sharp, his fingers long, his carriage noble and almost sublime, the true Brahmin, uncontaminated by European influence and manners, with his intense self-consciousness, with the proud conviction of superiority depicted in every muscle of his face, and manifest in every movement of his body, is a wonderful specimen of humanity walking on God's earth. Yet the Brahmin has lived his day. His prestige is rapidly on the decline.

The Brahmins have always asserted and maintained a superiority over every other race in India, but mere superiority of caste has not been sufficient to satisfy the Hindoo craving for class distinctions and privileges. From the Brahmins down to the very lowest caste, distinctions and differences have been superadded to the broad division of caste. Every division and subdivision prides itself upon some fancied point of superiority, and looks with contempt and disdain upon some real or imaginary blemishes in the status of others. The Brahmins are primarily divided into the two great nations of Gaur and Drāvīda, or North and South, and each of these is sub-divided into five provincial divisions or tribes. The Southern Brahmins are inferior in antiquity to those of the North, and in fact are descendants of emigrants. There is no intercourse between these two divisions; they neither intermarry nor eat together. None of the five Northern tribes intermarry or eat in common, and so are more exclusive than those of the South, four of which eat together, but do not intermarry. To these ten divisions Mr. Sherring adds a list of twenty-five "supplementary tribes" inferior in rank to the others, whose titles show their differences to be, for the most part, local. This list, no doubt, might be considerably extended. Here then at starting we have five-and-thirty tribes or divisions all bearing the title of Brahmin, and entitled to the rights and privileges of Brahmins, and yet separated from each other by strong lines of demarcation. But the subdivision does not stop here. The first of the five Northern tribes has five branches, and one of these is divided into four sub-branches. The other tribes are similarly divided and sub-divided. The distinctions hitherto noticed are mostly of a local character; but there is another great distinction, that of lineage. All Brahmins claim to be descended from the *rishis*, or saints of antiquity, who were founders of the *gotras*, or stocks which bear their names. These *gotras* are entirely distinct from the territorial classifications; they are anterior to them in point of antiquity, and the same *gotras* are found among several different nations and tribes. The *gotras* again are subdivided into "families" or "clans," the members of which are distinguished by titles equivalent to surnames. All Brahmins are very careful in preserving their *gotras*, which are looked upon as so many families binding their members by a distinct tie of relationship. A Brahmin must seek his wife in his own tribe, but she must be of a different *gotra*. Besides these differences of tribe, *gotra*, clan, and family, further distinctions are found in the honorary titles acquired by the learning of ancestors. A Brahmin who had studied two Vedas received the honorary title of *Dobe*; he who became learned in three or in four Vedas was a *Tivāri* or *Chauhe*; and these titles have descended to their remote descendants, though many of them, so far from possessing any knowledge of the Vedas, may be utterly illiterate. Every Brahmin wears the sacred cord over his shoulder, and in this cord, according to rule and custom, a certain number of knots are tied, and so he is distinguished as being "three-knotted," "five-knotted," and so on. Lastly, occupations and employments exercise, as might be expected, a considerable influence. According as these are dignified or degrading do they exalt or debase their followers; and let it be remembered not only the man who adopts the particular profession, but his descendants also. The Brahmin who conducts the ceremonies of mourning bears the high-

sounding, but ironical, title of *Mahā-Brahman*, or "great Brahman." He and his children's children are "great Brahmins"; but they are held in such contempt that no other Brahmin will touch them, and "thus it comes to pass that the high Brahmins look down upon, despise, and almost loathe the lower Brahmins, and will hold no intercourse with them." The same spirit prevails in all the other castes, and no opportunity is lost of creating and perpetuating distinctions.

The *Kshatriya*, or regal caste, Mr. Sherring considers to be identical with the *Rājputs*; the distinction "sometimes drawn between these terms appearing to me more nominal than real." He would also admit some few of the trading classes to be real members of the *Vaiya*, or third caste. But these are positions strenuously denied by the Brahmins, who maintain that, for a variety of reasons, both the regal and mercantile classes have lost their caste privileges. There can be no doubt that the *Rājputs* are the modern representatives of the ancient *Kshatriyas*; they are the warlike aristocracy of India, and have great pride of ancestry, but still they are held to have fallen from their original dignity, and many of the privileges of the old *Kshatriya* caste are denied them. The *Vaiyas* have fared still worse; and with every disposition to do them full justice, Mr. Sherring is only able to say, "It is not improbable that a small number of *Vaiya* castes of great strictness in the observance of the rules of their order may be descended from primitive *Vaiya* tribes, with little or no intermingling with other castes." This may be so, but it is hardly capable of proof, and Mr. Sherring may be glad to learn of an authoritative decision on the point. Some years ago the people of the *Komti* caste, who dwell in the Telugu country, and are admitted to be among the most pure of those claiming to be *Vaiyas*, commenced a civil suit against the Brahmins for the restoration of certain religious privileges which they claimed as *Vaiyas*. This suit was prosecuted through all the Indian Courts, and was appealed to Her Majesty in Council, the final decision being adverse to the *Komti* claim.

It must not be supposed that pride of caste is confined to the higher classes, or that there is anything like jealousy or impatience of its yoke among the inferior orders. In all the "mixed castes" which have sprung from irregular intercourse between the castes, and from local or professional causes, the same pride and tenacity are observable. The *Kāyasth*, or writer caste, is perhaps the most intelligent and important of all the mixed castes of the North-Western Provinces. They claim to be of mixed Brahmin blood, but the Brahmins repudiate the claim. This caste has twelve subdivisions, which neither eat together nor intermarry. The carpenter caste has seven divisions, which hold no direct social intercourse with each other. The washermen have eleven subdivisions, which are very exclusive in their dealings with one another. Even the degraded and despised *Chāmars*, or leather-workers, are divided into seven classes, "every whit as stringent and exclusive on the subject of marriage":—

It is hard to account [says Mr. Sherring] for this strange spirit of exclusiveness among the lower castes, which is not found to the same extent among the higher. Perhaps it arose originally from their servile imitation of the social rigidity of the upper castes. Being more ignorant and less intelligent, they have copied their masters so closely and pertinaciously that at last they have gone beyond them. But this is mere conjecture.

Mr. Sherring's work is systematically and clearly arranged. Every caste, from the highest Brahmin to the lowest classes of aborigines and outcasts, is passed in review, and although the information respecting some of them is scanty and imperfect, it is suggestive, and will probably incite to further inquiry. There is also an interesting chapter on the various sects of devotees and religious mendicants, many of which are very disgusting in their habits and practices, although they have been brought a little under control by regulations made by the British Government for the preservation of public decency.

In one respect we are not quite able to agree with Mr. Sherring. He claims for the caste system "a highly important relation ethnologically." This may be admitted so far as the higher classes of Brahmins are concerned; their blood, according to all appearance, has been kept pure and unmixed for ages, and their physical characteristics attest the fact. It is not so with other castes. The horrible system of female infanticide has compelled the *Rājputs* to seek their wives in other tribes, so that, whatever the social position of their caste, it is certain that their blood is much mixed. As to the "mixed castes," the very name they bear is adverse to any supposed ethnological importance. There were, it is true, mixed castes in ancient days; but there is no proof that the castes of the present day have descended from those of olden times without further mixture. Indeed, many of the castes have come into being not only within the historical era, but quite in modern times. No doubt these arrangements have a bearing upon ethnology, but as yet it can hardly be said to have attained importance. The isolation of the Brahmins is a significant ethnological fact, and at the other end of the social scale the same may be said of the half-wild tribes who, to all appearance, are the descendants of the pre-Aryan occupants of the country. The blood of the tribes between these two is undoubtedly much mixed, and the question as to whether it is more or less Aryan may be helped to a solution, but certainly cannot be decided, by a consideration of modern caste arrangements.

We will conclude our notice with some just and interesting remarks upon the effect of the spread of education:—

In proportion to their numbers the Brahmins have not applied themselves to the acquisition of the knowledge imparted in the colleges and

schools established by the English in India to an equal degree with some of the castes inferior to them. Education, in the European sense, is fast stripping the Brahman of his divine assumptions, and reducing him to the condition of ordinary humanity. . . . Were he, in the spirit of true philosophy, to submit calmly to the changes which are coming over the land, he might still occupy the highest position among all Hindu tribes. . . . [But when he] condescends to impart or receive instruction in his own dearly cherished sacred literature, he must be granted exceptional privileges. . . . Sometimes, and the instances are not infrequent, and indeed in some parts of the country are numerous, the Brahman is content to stand on a level with others, and casts in his lot with them. At once he proves his equality with the best of them, and often his superiority. . . . He need never be ashamed of his abilities, or ask special favours for himself. He is by nature mentally strong, and might, if he chose, be in future the leader of public thought in India, as he has been in the past. But he is not prepared for such a social revolution, and is consequently unconsciously giving place rapidly to others far below him in caste rank. . . . The writer caste and the trading caste are seizing the golden opportunities that education, civilization, and a thousand favourable circumstances are in these days placing within the reach of the natives of India, and are striving with conspicuous success to make the best use of them. It is not too much to affirm that, in regard to the part they are taking in the development and growth of the nation and in promoting its prosperity, they are even at the present time of more account than the Brahmans blindly treading the old well-worn tracks, which, from the infatuation of obstinacy and folly, they seem unwilling and unable to abandon.

Mr. Sherring has well studied his subject, and he writes well and clearly. Now and then he enlivens his dry details with a memoir of some distinguished person or family, and thus gives practical illustrations of the working of the caste system. And, while we commend the literary portion of the work, we ought not to pass over unnoticed the mechanical part. It is an excellent specimen of typography, and does great credit to the press of Messrs. Thacker and Co. of Calcutta.

SICILIAN POPULAR SONGS.*

A FRENCH critic has remarked, says M. Pitre in the valuable introduction to his collection of Sicilian songs, that "Italy has no popular poetry; she has risen too fast to the level of artistic poetry. When a nation begins by having a Dante and a Petrarca, we must not expect to see her descend again to the ignorant form of the popular song." By way of commentary on this statement M. Pitre has appended to his "Critical Study" a "Bibliography of the Popular Songs of Italy," giving the titles of about fifty collections and more than twenty critical works which have already appeared, and the names of nearly a score of authors who are now writing upon the same subject. Of Sicilian songs alone, Vigo published about thirteen hundred in 1857. To these between seven and eight hundred were added ten years later by Salomone-Marino, and the number has been brought up to about 2,800 by M. Pitre.

That the Sicilian dialect offers serious difficulties to ordinary readers will be made apparent by any extract from the ample stores provided by M. Pitre and his predecessors. We may take as an example the following nursery rhyme, the first two words of which have no definite meaning:—

Pitti pittè,
La mamma nun c'è ò;
È gnuta ô mulinu,
È porta 'u saccu cinu,
Cinu di manna, cinu di stuppa:
Veni 'a ciacula e t'ammucca.

To it M. Pitre appends the following literal translation:—"Pitti pittè. La mamma non vi è. È andata al mulino. E porta il sacco pieno. Pieno di manna, pieno di stoppa. Vieni la gazza e t'inghiotte." M. Pitre has given very few similar translations, and readers who have not studied the dialect, but who wish to form an opinion as to the merits of the folk-songs of Sicily, will not find his collection so available as that of Professor Lizio Bruno.† But his *Studi di Poesia popolare*, forming the third volume of his *Biblioteca delle tradizioni popolari Siciliane*, and the critical essay prefixed to the *Canti popolari Siciliani*, which form the first two volumes of that "Library," may be warmly commended to the attention of every worker in that great field of popular poetry from which of late years so rich a harvest has been gathered. Of their contents we will now proceed to take a rapid survey.

Those who dwell in regions in which popular poetry, except as an echo from the music-hall, is all but mute, often find a difficulty in accounting for that love of song which makes musical so many a race. Such a story as the following would appear improbable if its scene were laid in such a country as our own, in many parts at least of which justice not only has her eyes bandaged, but also has her ears entirely closed to poetical arguments. There was a certain Nicolaci, we are told, a poor countryman who on account of some indiscretion had been condemned to death. His sister, who was a celebrated poetess, composed a religious poem, and sent it to him by way of solace. He at once gave it forth to the world as his own production, and it pleased the authorities so much that they made him a present of his life and his liberty. But in any part of Italy such a reward of merit would seem perfectly natural. In Sicily, for instance, where poetry is highly esteemed, as also are

certain breaches of the law, such a decision of the local Home Secretary would be hailed with enthusiasm. For the Sicilian is far more devoted to the cultivation of song than to the administration of criminal justice. His infant sorrows are assuaged by the *minnanne*, or lullabies, which his mother croons above his cradle; a little later he joins his young companions in their nursery-chants; as years go by he learns to lighten his daily toil by such songs as form the delight of the labourer behind the plough, or the fisher in his boat, or the mechanic over his tools. When love inflames his heart, he mourns or triumphs in the countless *canzune* or *arietti*, which he accompanies by the sweet sounds of the instrument known in some parts of Sicily as the *'ngammalarruni*. If he is ill-used by his mistress, he revenges himself by "nocturns" of such severity that a jilt has been known—if popular tradition can be believed—to pine away and die after listening to one of them, and the parents of the serenaded maiden have sometimes been goaded into silencing the satirical minstrel with a bullet. If all goes well, he sings the praises of his love in many measures, until the noisy raptures of courtship are merged in the still joys of marriage. In his sober middle age he can, if he pleases, devote himself to such instruction in sacred and profane history as is afforded by the *storti* and *orazioni* of which so many specimens exist in print, and so many are enshrined in the popular memory. As he grows older, he perhaps becomes more addicted to a still graver style of song, such as the dirges devoted to the solace of the dead; and when he has himself departed this life, the modest sum of one *grano*, expended by his sorrowing relatives, will ensure his disembodied spirit whatever gratification it can obtain from a whole day's chanting, on the part of a blind minstrel, of the mournful poems called *diesille*—the name of which will be explained by an extract from one which M. Pitre considers as being not much posterior, in all probability, to Cardinal Frangipane's famous hymn:—

Diesilla, diesilla;
Jurnata di gran sdegnu sarà chilla,
Quannu a lu focu lu munnu [mondo] jirrà.

Such elaborate systems of nuptial and funeral verse as are to be found in Russia or among the modern Greeks do not exist in Sicily, but the island can boast of hundreds of songs adapted to various incidents in human life, besides those of which mention has already been made. Some of these are associated there with customs of a singular nature, of which M. Pitre at times gives an interesting account. In speaking of baptisms, for instance, he mentions the fact that, while in most parts of the island the first-born babe takes the name of its paternal grandfather, in the Etna district the parents take the name of their eldest boy as their own, and retain it all their lives, "as if [says Vigo] that desired fruit of their love rendered their union valid, and raised the wife to the grade of being decorated with a virile name." Thus in one of the songs a husband newly blessed with a boy named Turiddu, tells his wife Lucia that she has now become Turiddu herself.—

Turiddu divintau la mia Lucia—

and that in future, when he utters that name, both his wife and his boy will appear in answer to the call:—

E quannu [quando] chiamu : Turiddu, Turiddu!
Curri lu figghiu e la mugghieri mia.

As might be expected, the songs frequently refer to the superstitions in which some shreds of the old heathen mythology still survive. At one time mention is made of the stone of invisibility which, as is well known, the thrush deposits along with its eggs in the nest; at another, of the toad which is generally believed to be a lady of high degree whom an evil spirit has compelled to assume a forbidden shape, but who retains the power of conferring benefits, so that he who finds one of these ungainly creatures makes much of it, and propitiates it with an offering of bread and wine. Sometimes the witchery of a fair Sicilian born in April is described; for it is well known that the eyes and the tresses of such a damsel are full of enchantment which no man is strong enough to resist. Sometimes an appalling picture is drawn of the interior of Etna, in which Burcano or Vulcan still figures by name, though the Cyclops have been replaced by the demons over whom reigns "Satanassu, re di li diavuli," and who delight in tormenting advocates and judges, notaries, apothecaries, and physicians; for of those malefactors hell is full—

Lu 'nfenu è chinu [pieno] d' avvucati e ghiudici,
Mastri nutari, spiziali e medici—

as also of the priests, whom a Sicilian proverb describes as forming that floor which we are accustomed to consider as being constructed of good intentions—"Lu solu di lu 'nfenu è fattu di criechi di parrini [preti]."

Hand in hand with these heathenish ideas go those which are associated with the religion of to-day. Here we find a song in honour of newly consecrated priests on the occasion of their saying their first mass; there we light upon a panegyric of some saint, couched in terms somewhat savouring of idolatry. That there is no small confusion in the island on religious subjects appears manifest from many of its songs and legends. In one district, it appears, a certain Francesco Frusteri is honoured by a "vivissima devozione." This popular martyr was executed for having knocked his mother on the head with a mattock, and now the poor of his parish visit his grave and there offer up prayers. There may, however, be some special reasons for this remarkable *cultus*, for such a crime as matricide could not easily be forgotten. And the national memory

* *Canti popolari Siciliani*. Raccolti ed illustrati da Giuseppe Pitre. Vols. I. and II. Palermo: Pedone-Lauriel. 1871.

† *Studi di Poesia popolare*. Per Giuseppe Pitre. Palermo: Pedone-Lauriel. 1872.

‡ *Canti popolari delle Isole Eolie e di altri luoghi di Sicilia*. Messi in prosa Italiana ed illustrati dal Prof. L. Lizio Bruno. Messina: 1871.

must be remarkably retentive, if it be true, as M. Pitre suggests, that Cicero is so well remembered by Sicily as a benefactor on account of his scarification of Verres that he is almost as popular a character with the islanders as either of their favourite saints, "San Tumasu" or "Sant' Agustinu." However this may be, it is certain that many of their popular songs speak of events which happened very long ago, and of persons since whose deaths many centuries have elapsed. Many of the most interesting of the poems in the present collection are of an historical character. Some of them refer to the terrible Sicilian Vespers, when the French were "stamped out" of the island; every man who could not rightly pronounce the word *ciciri*, but turned it into *chichiri*, being instantly put to death:—

Oggi a cu' dici *Chichiri* 'n Sicilia,
Si cci tagghia lu coddu [collo] pri so' gloria;
E quannu si dirà: *qui fu Sicilia*,
Finirà di la Francia la memoria.

Others express the terror which was for a long space of time kept alive in the minds of the dwellers on the coast by the frequent visits of the Mussulman galleys, when the cry was constantly being heard of

All' armi! all' armi! la campana sona,
Li Turchi sunnu junti a la marina!

and when Christian slaves pined away in pagan prisons, as the songs about parted lovers so often tell. Among the events of later date commemorated by popular poetry are the plague of Messina in 1743, the eruption of Etna in 1760, and the earthquake of 1783. Later still we find a vast number of songs which Mr. Pitre justly describes as forming "a civil and political history of the nineteenth century." Among the most recent of these are the long "legends," which describe Garibaldi's exploits in such verses as

Vinni cu' vinni e c'è lu Tri-caluri,
Vinniru milli famusi guirrieri;
Vinni 'Aribaldi lu liberaturi. . . .

and various songs about less famous incidents, such as the circulation of paper-money in 1866, on which the people looked with an evil eye, or the introduction by the Palermo Municipality in 1868 of certain magnificent funeral cars in place of the old *portantines*, a change which was favourably received by the lower classes, who saw that every one now had a chance of making at least one journey on wheels, and so carolled gleefully

E stamu allegri, genti di la chiazza,
Ca 'n paradisu si cci va 'n carrozza. . . .

The latest songs of which we find any notice are those composed in 1870 and 1871 on the subject of the Franco-Prussian war, one of them beginning

Napuluni la guerra facia,
La Pussia 'i paisi cci pigliava. . . .

Another, commencing with the statement that

La Prussia cu la Francia sunnu a liti,

proceeds to give a sketch of the war, drawing a lively picture of the misery and squalor of the fair city of Paris during the siege, describing how, when she surrendered,

Lu Re Guggiermu trasi e la saluta,
Si leva l' ermu [elmo] e cci fa 'na risata;

giving a brief account of the Commune, and ending by a description of how, bowed down and suffering,

La Francia si lamenta e fa rancuri.

Here we must pause, but we can once more warmly recommend to all who are interested in such subjects M. Pitre's most interesting account of the poets of the people—who they are, and where and how they sing—as well as his disquisitions upon such vexed questions as those which relate to the antiquity of the Sicilian dialect and the age of the Sicilian songs.

COLLINS'S ARISTOPHANES.*

AT first sight the task of serving up Aristophanes in a palatable fashion for the class of English readers whom Mr. Collins has in view might seem to have been rendered easier by the translations of Mitchell, Frere, and Walsh. These writers have translated sample plays of Aristophanes with that best security for excellence, a thorough familiarity with the mind and manner of their author. Walsh is too broad in his reproduction of jokes of which the flavour in the original is almost too pungent; and Mitchell affects a style and language which presupposes a reader's familiarity with our Elizabethan dramatists. Frere alone hits the happy mean which makes Aristophanes in English easy and pleasant reading, without either violent shocks to refinement or a sense of the need of being well up in the early annals of our own drama. But his translation, too, addresses itself to scholars. It does not treat the reader as a novice in Greek comedy, Greek politics, and Greek modes of thought, but presupposes a lively interest in them all, and is, in its notes and introductions, rather allusive and suggestive—with an eye to the sympathy of the initiated—than explicit and elucidatory. It is not addressed to outsiders needing to be posted up with the very simplest information as to the political, social, and literary state of Athens at a period when freedom of speech on the stage was to that democracy what freedom of the press is with ourselves. Mr.

Collins, the editor of a series aiming at the propagation of a more general knowledge of the subject matter of the Greek and Latin classics, of which we have several times been able to speak favourably, has himself undertaken the task of presenting a popular sketch of the Aristophanic comedies and their author. The success of his undertaking has been enhanced by the good sense which, whilst it has prompted him where it was possible to press Frere's translations into his service, has seen clearly that there were many passages which in no version would be adequately relished by English readers, and many others where a free and accommodated version of his own was likely to be the most fitting exponent of Aristophanes. Of some plays, and those too some of the best and most amusing, none of the translators named above have undertaken transcripts, and in dealing with these Mr. Collins has had to rely entirely on himself. It is much to the credit of his scholarship and classical taste that his sketch of Aristophanes and of Aristophanic comedy reads so easily and pleasantly; for no one who had not the author and his times and surroundings very vividly before his mind's eye could throw such an air of life around this bright epoch of dramatic literature at Athens. Mr. Collins regrets that Aristophanes is less read than of old at our Universities; and it may be doubted whether a more general study of his extant comedies would not supply a stock of happy thoughts and new ideas to the burlesque writers of our own day. But he is quite right in his perception that Attic comedy, in the days of Aristophanes, supplied the place of the political journal and the popular caricature, and anticipated, though in a spoken not written form, the modern *Punch* and *Charivari*. The comic poet's relation to his audience affected an intimacy like that of a modern editor with his readers, and he was always ready to identify himself with them by confidential appeals through the chorus in the Parabasis, as well as at times through individual actors. Sometimes indeed he was a trifle too eager to catch the popular favour, even at the expense of good taste and fair play; but, as Mr. Collins observes, Aristophanes had no vulgar public to deal with:—

The intellectual calibre and even the literary taste of his audience was of a far higher character than that of the modern pit and gallery. The dramatist not only assumes on their behalf a familiarity with all the best scenes and points in all the dramas of the great tragedians—which, in the case of such inveterate playgoers as the Athenians were, is not so very surprising—and an acquaintance with the political questions and public celebrities of the day which possibly might be found, in this age when every man is becoming a politician, amongst a Paris or London theatrical auditor; but he also expects to find, and evidently did find, an acquaintance with and an appreciation of poetry generally, a comprehension of at least the salient points of different systems of philosophy, and an ability to seize at once and appropriate all the finer points of allusion, of parody, and of satire. Aristophanes is quite aware of the weaknesses and wilfulness of this many-headed multitude, whom he satirizes so unsparingly to their faces; but he had good right to say of them, as he does in his *Knights*, that they were an audience with whom he might make sure at least of being understood.—"For our friends here are sharp enough."

Such was the audience with whom Aristophanes had to deal, and for whom he produced comedies unlike anything else in dramatic literature; and Mr. Collins as acutely describes what Aristophanes was to it—a sort of cross between a moral teacher and a brilliant humorist, "a vigorous satirist who lashed vice by preference, but had also a jest against ungainly virtue; a professional humorist who looked upon most things on their ludicrous side; who desired to be honest and manly in his vocation, and above all things not to be dull." This, we apprehend, is the right clue to his penchant for making "guys" of political, military, or philosophic leaders against whom the verdict of history has nothing to say; he had probably no stronger reason for making Socrates in the *Clouds* the representative of the Sophists, with whom the philosopher had little in common, and many differences, than that his well-known ugly face, "with its flat nose, lobster eyes, and thick lips," made him as good a central figure for a piece directed against the vagaries of speculative philosophy as General Lamachus, with gorgon-faced shield and tremendous crest, was sure to prove in a drama the aim of which was to hold up to ridicule the passion for war. Mr. Collins has done well to translate afresh the four lines put into the mouth of the warrior, on entering the stage at the solicitation of the war-party, in the *Acharnians*. Having told his readers that Lamachus "speaks in heroics, as befits him," he retranslates the bombastic lines commencing *ἡκούσα, κ.τ.λ.* (*Acharn.* 572, &c.):—

Whence falls that sound of battle on mine ear?
Who needs my help? For Lamachus is here!
Whose summons bids me to the field repair,
And wakes the slumbering gorgon from her lair?

It is indeed curious to note how the get-up of one of these typical characters corresponded with the sentiments and crotchets put by the playwright into his mouth. At the end of his chapter on the *Clouds*, Mr. Collins notices a story about Socrates attending a representation of that play, and being so amused at his double that "he mounted a bench, in order that the strangers in the house to whom his person was unknown might see how admirable a counterpart the stage-Socrates was of the original."

To readers who at this distance of time scan Aristophanes's scenes and characters in the original, in a translation, or a sketch such as that which we are reviewing, the interest consists in their giving, as it were, "flesh and blood, features and colour, to the dry bones of the historian." Of this our author has been mindful. He has introduced each play and sketched its collaterals so as to enable us to see the whole as he would have us see it; whilst

* *Aristophanes*. By the Rev. W. Lucas Collins, M.A., "Ancient Classics for English Readers." Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1872.

at the same time he has so arranged the sequence of his several sketches that each play leads up to another, and it becomes easy to discern what phase of public feeling produced this or that masterpiece of the prolific comedian. Thus Mr. Collins deals with the famous comedy in which Aristophanes fulfils his promise of "cutting up Cleon the tanner into shoe leather for the knights," before that in which he registered the promise; because the *Knights* introduces the secret of his political animus, while the war-pieces—*Acharnians*, the *Peace*, and the *Lysistrata*—are comparatively stingless. Indeed in the *Peace* Mr. Collins is led to discover a trait of magnanimity in Aristophanes, where, upon Mercury's saying that Cleon was the cause of all the mischief of the war, Trygæus interposes with the lines (648-50)—

Hold, say not so, good master Mercury!
Let the man rest below where now he lies;
He is no longer of our world, but yours.

Cleon had died between the representation of the *Knights* and that of the *Peace*.

In translating the *Peace* Mr. Collins has had more than one predecessor, and it is curious that he has relied upon himself for a scene which he might have taken bodily from Frere, whose fragmentary version of the drama begins at that very point. We are glad that he has adopted this course, for it is clear that in one place, where Mercury answers the query of Trygæus why the gods are gone from home, he has by a little transposition made the sense more perspicuous. He puts v. 206, ὅπως παραδόντες, κ.τ.λ., in sense before v. 204, εἰς ἑνταῦθα μὲν, κ.τ.λ., and translates as follows:—

Disgusted with you Greeks; they've given you up
To war to do exactly what he likes with;
They've left him here to manage all their business,
And gone themselves as far aloft as possible,
That they may no more see you cutting throats,
And may no more be bothered with your prayers.

If Frere's parallel version is referred to, it will be found not so explicit as this, and there is no compliment in a comparison with Rudd and Rogers.

The sketches of those plays which assail, as the *Clouds* does, philosophic schools, or, as the *Wasps*, the Athenian passion for sitting in a jury-box, or, as the *Birds*, pet schemes of extending the empire, are all drawn with a light free touch. In the first-named Mr. Collins is content with a more general reproduction of the puns of Strepsiades than seemed good to Walsh when he rendered his play on words (κομπάρια—*ισκόπην*, *Nub.* 23, 24), by a wish that "his eye had been knocked out before he bought that horse branded with the *I*." Writing for English readers, he goes near enough without risking an "oh!" or "ohé!" from the sensitive, when he turns the double allusion:—

Ah! when I bought that grey. Oh dear! oh dear!
I shall grow grey enough, if this goes on.

and, soon after, he hits the spirit of v. 54 not amiss:—

ὁ μὴν ἱπὸ γ' ὥς ἀργὸς ἦν, ἀλλ' ἰσπάθα—
Not a bad housekeeper though; I will say that,
For she kept open house.

In his account of the *Wasps* Mr. Collins draws a happy parallel between the old man of Shakspeare and of Aristophanes in respect of their garrulous reminiscences of their younger days; and in the *Birds* he compares the scene where the two adventurers don wings and remind each other of a painted goose and a plucked blackbird with an imitation by Mr. Planché in his burlesque which was acted at the Haymarket in 1846. Perhaps some notice might have been taken of Mr. Courthope's very clever imitation of the *Birds*, especially as Mr. Trevelyan's *Ladies in Parliament* is quoted as imitative of some lines of the *Epiroma* in the *Knights*.

The chapters likely to be most attractive are, to our thinking, those which treat of the women of Athens. Though shortly noticed, the sketch of the *Lysistrata* is very readable, and it has this in common with the *Thesmophoriazuse* and *Ecclesiazuse*, that no translator of note has gone over the ground. Mr. Collins, indeed, contents himself with a mere prose account of the first of the three at the close of his chapter on the war plays, and whets the appetite for more by the humour with which he refers to the "self-denying" ordinance of the female conspirators, who would fain put an end to the war by a practical divorce of their husbands *a mensâ et thoro*. The *Women's Festival* and the *Female Parliament* are equally amusing, and though perhaps the *Lysistrata* would best bear translation, and be the most wholesome reading for the women's rights people, these latter are full of fun which may be most decorously enjoyed in the passing survey of Mr. Collins. In the sketch of the *Lysistrata* we should have been glad to have a specimen of the choric hymns at the close of the play, which are justly characterized as "bright and graceful." A feature of Aristophanes quite *sui generis* is his constant intermixture of exquisite lyric poetry with the broader fun and frolic of the chorus. In the *Frogs*, for instance, some very graceful verses occur in the chant of the frogs to the time of the oar-stroke. In the *Knights* we should single out for the same characteristic feature the strophe to Neptune and the antistrophe to Pallas Athene which vary the recitative of the chorus, during the pause between the duel between the Paphlagonian and the Black-pudding-man and their appearance before the Senate. To both of these Mr. Collins only alludes. In discussing the *Clouds* he is less chary of specimens of the choral ode, and in pp. 87, 89 will be found very happy versions of lyric bits from

the mouth of Socrates or the chorus, of which the originals are justly admired by scholars as "instances" (of which many might be cited) "in which the poet rises above the satirist." The versions given are Mr. Collins's own, and an idea of the spirit with which he unites the suggestive meaning of the Greek with corresponding grace of English numbers may be formed from the rendering of the clause ἵνα ῥηλαστικὸν σκοπιᾶς ἀπορῶμεθα (281) in the chorus beginning with αἰνέειν Νερίλαι:—

Thence shall our glance command
The beetling crags which sentinel the land.

As far as we can judge from his translations of iambic and lyric passages, Mr. Collins has just grounds for taking upon himself the responsibility of all translations except those marked F. (Frere). He has the requisite sense of the Aristophanic humour, and a considerable facility in expressing it, whether lyrically or in blank verse. Perhaps one of the happiest things in the book is a free reproduction of a song of the "Chorus of Women" in the *Thesmophoriazuse*, which may serve to recommend this interesting and pleasant volume as by no means old-fashioned in tone or flavour:—

They're always abusing the women
As a terrible plague to men:
They say we're the root of all evil,
And repeat it again and again:
Of war, and quarrels, and bloodshed,
All mischief, be what it may:
And pray, then, why do you marry us,
If we're all the plagues you say?
And why do you take such care of us,
And keep us so safe at home,
And are never easy a moment
If ever we chance to roam?
When you ought to be thanking heaven
That your Plague is out of the way,
You all keep fussing and fretting—
"Where is my Plague to-day?"
If a Plague peeps out of the window,
Up go the eyes of the men;
If she hides, then they all keep staring
Until she looks out again.

BESSIE.*

MISS KAVANAGH seems to have taken to heart Bottom's precept, and to have been careful not to fright the ladies out of their wits with her roaring. Her story teems with mysteries in action and occult meanings in speech; with secrets and surprises of many kinds. A dead man comes to life again after having been left stabbed in Australia, "dying of loss of blood in the sun." A beautiful woman disowns her identity and her husband's name, and, as the victim of circumstances, is always running away and coming back again, and doing odd things in an odd manner, so that no one knows what she is about. A swarthy man of the world, satirical and ubiquitous, places himself in everybody's way, and has the knack of frustrating everybody's schemes. A fair-haired, silver-tongued woman, diabolical and omniscient, knows everybody's business, and has her lines of relation spread out like the threads of a spider's web. But with all this apparatus of melodramatic interest, the cause of the commotion is the smallest, most insignificant little mouse that ever crept from between the feet of a mountain; and when we have finished the story, we ask ourselves with amazement what the difficulty has been about, and why it was not settled in half-a-dozen chapters at most. It is not given to every one to write a novel of circumstantial mystery like Mr. Wilkie Collins, who is the great modern master of this branch of art. But then Mr. Wilkie Collins, who tells his story as clearly as if he were drawing up an affidavit, has a tenacious memory and unlimited resources in devising and fitting together his queer puzzles of time, place, and false appearance. Miss Kavanagh has none of these gifts, which yet are of absolute necessity for the style she has adopted in *Bessie*. She tells her story indistinctly, with more allusiveness than straightforward narration; plunging into it as if the reader knew all the outlying circumstances by heart, and did not need to be informed of anything that has gone before; she forgets certain little touches which were of importance at the time, but which her after-obliviousness renders of no avail, if not contradictory; and she is singularly poor in inventive faculty. Hence *Bessie* is a mistake as a work of art, because it is not wrought according to the canons of art; but it is fairly interesting as a story; and if one gets tired of the method long before the dénouement, there is always that dénouement to come, and the disclosure of the governing mystery to wait for. One other small blemish we would mention, and that is Miss Kavanagh's naive but tiresome manner of imparting instruction. She gives us little bits of useful information wrapped up in the tissue-paper of conversation, quite in the Tommy and Harry style; witness her account of the Enthusiast of Fontainebleau, to mention no other instance. And the effect is beyond measure disagreeable. No one wants to be entrapped into a school lesson in the pages of a novel; and the chances are that most of Miss Kavanagh's readers know of old the things she narrates as new, and that those who do not know them will not be able to separate fact from fiction, and so will lose the benefit of her instruction.

Some of the characters in *Bessie* are sharp and clear, others

* *Bessie*. By Julia Kavanagh, Author of "Nathalie," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett.

are cloudy and indistinct. One of the best, if the most disagreeable, is that jealous, honest, ill-tempered and warm-hearted James Carr, whose only exercise of imagination is to be found in baseless suspicion, and whose deepest affections are best proved by his worst humours. We see very little of him, but he is photographic when he is presented; and though we cannot say we admire him at any time, we are sorry for him always. We concede the cruel necessity of killing him quietly over-seas, that Bessie may be delivered from the incubus of her engagement with him, and left free to marry the man of her heart. Miss Kavanagh has managed with great skill and delicacy the transition of feeling which is so natural in a girl who has engaged herself to the first-comer, in ignorance of the world and all the better chances it contains. Bessie is loving and loyal; she means to do only what is right, and she has a great idea of remaining constant to her red-haired and unattractive cousin; but she drifts into love for a handsome young painter, who is a cross between a Greek god and one of Mr. Mason's rustics, with a later dash of an Admirable Crichton to complete the picture; and long before she is aware of her own state, she has betrayed herself to every one about her save Mr. Herbert himself. Here Miss Kavanagh gets into confusion. She seems to have wandered away from her original design, and, by way of making her puzzle more intricate, she has made it misfitting. We scarcely know what impression she means to convey by her contradictory fragments. Elizabeth, or Mrs. Henry de Lusignan, the supposed daughter-in-law of that ubiquitous and satirical gentleman of the same name, who is also Bessie's guardian, the supposed widow of his dead son, and the mother of his supposed grandson, flirts outrageously with this Mr. Eugène Herbert, otherwise George; encourages his devotion one day, and the next treats him with crushing disdain; meets him by appointment in the glades of the forest at Fontainebleau, where their intercourse seems to be now despair on her side for the husband she has lost, and who was Herbert's dearest friend, now passionate love on his, and never anything settled or made out; looks cold and sulky at Bessie when she sees that the Greek god is transferring his affections to her, and that the girl is ready to receive them; yet all the time she is going into paroxysms of grief for her murdered Henry, and making wild excursions or escapes in the hope of meeting him again. Elizabeth is intended to be the soul of honour in reality, for all that she has been forced into the crooked paths of deceit if she would keep her husband's secret safe; yet we cannot reconcile her conduct, first towards Mr. Herbert, and afterwards towards Mr. Gray, with any known rules of wisely truth or womanly consistency. Her character, indeed, is so inharmonious with itself, so out of drawing in parts, that we scarcely know how to take her, and Miss Kavanagh has not been kind enough to supply the key to this part of the enigma. Mere "self-will," too, does not seem to be a sufficient reason why she so obstinately refuses to see Mr. Herbert when he beseeches her for an interview on the day of the Fern Show. They had been friends and confidants at Fontainebleau, and she had been something more to him; he had also been her husband's dearest friend, and he had her welfare nearer at heart than anything else; yet, for no reason that appears, unless indeed we supply as motive a mean and childish jealousy of her friend and slave Bessie, she refuses to see him when a word from him would have warned her of her danger—no such great danger after all—and would have set her on the right track. Some valid motive should have been given by the author for this silly wilfulness on the part of the Queen of the Ferns; though to be sure the whole thing is the fable of the mountain and the mouse over again, and a great ado about a very little matter when fairly dissected. For the danger which threatens her, and for which Herbert so tragically desires to prepare her, is that her husband is Harry de Lusignan, Mr. de Lusignan's nephew, and not Henry his son, who has not been killed after all, but who returns to England in due course to find her installed in his uncle's house as his daughter-in-law, and their child received as his grandson. It was Mr. de Lusignan himself who forced this rôle on her. They met at Fontainebleau, she as plain Mrs. Smith; but he is moved to the conviction that this lovely young woman is his dead son's widow because of the wonderful likeness of the child to his supposed father. As Elizabeth has her secret to keep, she allows the mistake to be made, confirmed as it is by the testimony of a lodging-house keeper in Notting Hill—which testimony, by the way, is one of the misfits of the puzzle—but she lives under it very uneasily, and is always trying to escape, or actually escaping, to be brought back again like a bird in a cage with a loose door and a string round its leg. When Harry turns up again unexpectedly, instead of rushing into his arms and confessing the whole thing from the beginning, she drags on the wretched farce a little longer; and when the explosion comes, as of course it must, it turns out that her secret is, after all, nothing worth keeping, and that she might have thrown it to the winds without harm to any one. It is simply this, as Harry himself tells it:—

"Uncle," said Harry, looking up in Mr. de Lusignan's face, "why have you done this? Elizabeth is my wife, and it seems that you know it. Then why did you not say to me last night, the wife whom you are seeking, the child of whose very existence you are ignorant, are both here under my roof? Why did you not even give me time to tell you the truth when I learned it an hour ago? Did you think I wished to cheat you? Above all, why have you been so needlessly cruel to her? Uncle, I find it hard to forgive you!"

"You find it hard," cried Mr. de Lusignan, all his pent-up passion break-

ing forth; "will you tell me what I must feel? I who, for the last year, have been cheated into believing this woman my son's widow, and her child his child, when a word would have undeceived me. Last night when we knew you were coming, when we guessed at last who and what she was, your friend—" his hand pointed to Mademoiselle—"did all she could to make her confess, and she failed. Your wife, since she is your wife, had grown hardened in her sin, and would confess nothing—nothing. Why so? Would she not have been dear to us, for your sake? Should I have not loved your boy, Harry?"

"The sin is mine," he answered, colouring deeply. "When I pledged myself to go out with O'Donnell, I was not married, for he would have none but single men, as perhaps you know. The expedition was abandoned, then taken up again, but in the interval Elizabeth had become my wife. If I had acknowledged our marriage the world would have said: He married because the expedition is one of great danger, and his heart failed him at the eleventh hour. Elizabeth sacrificed her liberty—she risked her fair name, to save my honour from doubt. She did what not a woman in a thousand would have done. She let me go, and never tried to keep me by telling me of my unborn child."

We do not know anywhere else so small a wire for so heavy a weight.

Bessie, who tells her own story and every other person's, is one of those provoking young women who, while they confess to an extraordinary amount of uneasy temper, of silly sensitiveness, and of quite astounding obtuseness, are yet accepted for the sweetest and cleverest little creatures in the world. She is loved by every one while she thinks herself utterly disregarded—though, indeed, according to her own showing, the love that is granted her must needs be largely intermixed with patience—and, while she poses for the simplicity of ignorance, she is endowed with the attributes of genius and the results of learning. She is Elizabeth's adorer and slave; and, following the rule of hanging great weights on slender wires, by which this book is constructed, she makes herself extremely unhappy because her clever friend is not as confidential with her as she thinks she ought to be by the fairness of reciprocity, and because she sees there is a mystery in the background where she is not allowed to enter. In her abject love for the beautiful Elizabeth she makes herself both maudlin and tiresome. It is school-girl gush of a violent kind; and it wears the reader, as emotional unreality always does. There is nothing touching or pretty either in the way in which she pleads for her friend with Mr. Herbert; nor is the action one natural to a modest girl. There had been a flirtation between the two, and it had cooled for reasons kept to themselves; but it had cooled very decidedly; and Elizabeth meanwhile spreads her nets for Mr. Gray. It is scarcely according to girl nature that Bessie, who is in love with Mr. Herbert herself, he being also in love with her, should be for ever making him gnaw his nether lip and flush to the roots of his hair by begging him to go on loving and wooing her friend, who does not, so far as she knows, care for him more than she cares for Mr. de Lusignan the elder himself. Nor is it quite likely, though it may be a minor matter, that a young gentleman, speaking of his mother to a young lady, would enter into such physiological particulars as these—"the woman who bore me, who gave me her milk, her love, her kisses, and would have given me her heart's blood." This Mr. Herbert says to Bessie in a conversation he has with her at Fontainebleau, when he assures her that Elizabeth is dead to him, and that they have parted for ever. In fact, there is a perpetual parting for ever all through the book, which proves to be a delusion so often that when Elizabeth and her resuscitated Harry walk away together, without their luggage and for the last time, in the ante-penultimate page, we quite expect them to turn up again.

The truth is, *Bessie* is a failure because its method of construction is beyond Miss Kavanagh's power. It is full of pleasant touches and cleverness; but it is based on a plan too large for her material. Her mysteriousness is obscurity; her conflicting passions read like inconsistency in the characters or forgetfulness on her own part; her motives are insignificant or unintelligible; and she betrays her poverty of invention by continual repetition of the same circumstances. It is a pity that *Bessie* is not stronger. The idea was good in the beginning, but it is worked out badly; and that *multa litura* which is the secret of all good authorship has been forgotten by Miss Kavanagh more than once. Else she would not have committed such a solecism as "take pattern on Bessie," and she would not have made Bessie herself essentially younger and more childish as time goes on, till at last her innocence becomes so like to imbecility that there is no difference between the two. We are sorry not to be able to speak a better word for a graceful writer, as Miss Kavanagh is; but one comparative failure is not final, and we trust that her next book will redeem the mistakes of this.

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THE SCOTTISH CORPORATION.—H.R.H. the Prince of
WALES and Duke of ROTHEA, President.—The TWO HUNDRED and EIGHTH
ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL will take place in St. James's Hall, on St. Andrew's Day,
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(Edinburgh), the Chancellor of the Exchequer, will occupy the Chair. Those Noblemen and
Gentlemen who have not yet replied to the Invitations sent to them are respectfully requested
to do so at their earliest convenience. Tickets for Ladies and Gentlemen for the Festival,
for which early application ought to be made, may be had of the undersigned.
R.H.—As many gentlemen as may find it convenient are respectfully requested to appear at
the Festival in Kilt or Uniform.

The Scottish Corporation Hall, Crane Court, E.C.

November 1, 1872.

MACRAE MOIR.

TAUNTON COLLEGE SCHOOL.—
A COUNCIL SCHOLARSHIP of £20 a Year, tenable at the School, will be offered to
Competition early in December. For particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER.

MALVERN COLLEGE.—There will be an EXAMINATION
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a Pupil passed Eighth, and at the September Examination another was Forty-ninth, with 40
marks, and at the recent Examination for the Household Brigade another passed sixth.

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| 6 Egg Spoons, gilt bowl | 6 - | 12 - | 13 6 - |
| 2 Sauce Ladles | 6 - | 8 - | 9 - |
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| 1 Pair of Fish Carvers | 19 3 - | 3 6 - | 3 6 - |
| 1 Butter Knife | 2 9 - | 3 6 - | 3 9 - |
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